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{ From Beginning,
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LAST YEAR.

LAST year, he wrote: "The roses blossom red
And palely white to scent the hot, still air;
And then, soft-springing in the garden bed,
The aromatic pinks, all tall and fair,
Nod to each other, as the dawn grows clear."
That was last year; sad heart! that was last
year!

Here is the page! as there I sadly trace
The failing hand, that pain's keen touch had
pressed,
I note the faltering, the increasing space,
As if the task were hard, then longed-for
rest
Were yet more urgent. Ah! I sitting here
Remember all this letter said last year!

And now I rise—and wander all alone
Beneath his roses; when wan night glides
by
I see the moonlight sleeping on the stone
That marks the spot where he out there
doth lie.
At rest—alone—he who was once so dear,
From whom that letter came; last year—last
year!

Is it not cruel how his roses bloom?
How lives this letter, though the writer's
dead;
How there last on his chair, his desk, his
room,
The flowers he planted—white or pink or
red—
While he is dead, nor heeds each heart-wrung
tear
That falls as I think of him there last year!

How laugh the children, gathering in the dusk
As love-gifts for each other, sacred leaves!
Sacred to me at least. That old-world musk
We always gathered. God! how memory
weaves
Immortal spells! I feel—I see him near,
That true, good friend God took from me last
year!

And yet I am alone: beyond life's pain
That friend I loved lies silent—while his
flowers
Rise from the earth, and blossom once again
As they did blossom in those better hours
When that which is was but a haunting fear,
And he was with us still: oh! sad last year!

And yet! if they can spring from out the sod,
Will he and I not meet and speak once
more?
Thou maker of our friendship: patient God!
Send me one message from that silent
shore!
Yet nothing see I, nothing can I hear,
Save echoes faintly calling—ah! last year!
All The Year Round.

MIDNIGHT AT THE HELM.

I.

"What seest thou, friend?
The frail masts bend,
Thy ship reels wildly on the tossing deep;
Thy fearless eyes
Regard the skies,
And this broad waste wherethrough white
chargers leap;
Seest thou the foam?"
Pilot.—"I see my home,
And children on a white soft couch asleep."

II.

"What seest thou, friend?
The tiller-end
Thou graspest safely in thy firm, strong grip;
Thine eyes are strange,
They seem to range
Beyond sea, sky, and clouds, and struggling
ship,
Beyond the foam."
Pilot.—"I see my home—
Brown cottage-eaves round which the swallows
dip."

III.

"What seest thou, friend?
Black leagues extend
On all sides round about thy bark and thee;
Not one star-speck
Above the deck
Abates the darkness of the midnight sea;
The waves' throats roar——"
Pilot.—"I see the shore,
And eyes that plead with God for mine and
me."
Belgravia. GEORGE BARLOW.

WAIFS OF A WORLD.

LONG ere Columbus in the breeze unfurled
His venturous sail to hunt the setting sun,
Long ere he fired his first exultant gun
Where strange canoes all round his flagship
whirled,
The unsailed ocean which the west wind curled
Had borne strange waifs of Europe, one by
one;
Wood carved by Indian hands, and trees
like none
Which men then knew, from an untrodden
world.

Oh for a waif from o'er that wider sea
Whose margin is the grave, in which we
think
A gem-bepebbled continent may be!
But all in vain we watch upon the brink;
No waif floats up from black infinity,
Where all who venture out forever sink.
Academy. E. LEE HAMILTON.

From The Contemporary Review.

MR. W. E. FORSTER'S EARLY CAREER.

AN ECONOMIC RETROSPECT.

WHEN Homer described the swiftness of the ships of the Phæacians, he likened their passage from port to port to the flight of birds, or of *thought*.

What gave point to the likeness was, no doubt, the peculiar position of the cities of the Greeks on the shores of an archipelago of islands, which made every journey a voyage, and the recollection of it a swift transition from beginning to end, or from end to beginning, the blue sea and the toil in rowing dropping for the moment easily out of memory.

Whilst witnessing the solemn service in Westminster Abbey before the remains of Mr. Forster were taken to their last resting place near his home in Yorkshire, something of the same sudden transition in thought suggested itself. The image of what he was in my boyhood came back so vividly that there seemed for the moment to have been hardly an interval between the beginning and the end of the statesman's life, full as it had been — between the impression made by the young politician, full of ardent and noble aspirations, and the solemn close of a long and honorable career. His life had been one of hard work for his country — for few men worked harder or more continuously than he did. It ended at a tragic moment of political crisis, in which every patriotic heart was strained by anxious doubt. The verdict upon his life, from friend and foe alike, was that of "well done" upon a faithful public servant. Every one felt that he had honestly served his country.

But, as I have said, the funeral service in the Abbey at the close of his career, seemed to throw one back on the image of what he was at its beginning. I have no doubt it did so to others of his friends, and not to myself only. There must be many working men of Bradford to whom his early political career was recalled by his death, and with it the recollection of the remarkable economic crisis, in the midst of which, and in close connection with which, Mr. Forster's personality

first came before them, impressing them even then, years before it came to pass, with the conviction that in him they had found the right man to represent them in Parliament.

The crisis was in itself so remarkable, and Mr. Forster's early career was so intimately mixed up with it, that I trust I shall be pardoned if, connecting the two together, I endeavor to recall them with the view of comparing a statesman's early aspirations and economic theories in such a crisis — forty years ago — with the actual course of things during his political lifetime. I purposely kept these recollections and observations back till the excitement of the elections should be over, and the reader will find in them no allusion connecting them with any recent political controversy. It will be seen that I have quite another object.

My recollections of Mr. Forster's tall, long-boned figure go back to 1842, when he came to Bradford to commence business there. His tallness was more striking than in many men of six foot four. He used to tell a story of a Cornish old lady who, when told how tall he was, remarked that "Providence might have spared him the odd inches." It was so. The few inches of extra height helped to give a sort of awkwardness to his manners which struck people; as though he did not know what to do with his limbs. The first impression I recall is that of a man eccentric and unusual, with a strong, energetic character, restless alike in body and mind, making his own way on unbeaten paths, of whom people thought and talked with interest as a new-comer, and even then as likely to make his mark in the world. I have noticed that mention has been made of his *roughness*, as though that were the chief first impression produced. I should say that the awkwardness of manner in the *Norfolk* man, which he retained through life, may have been mistaken by some, not Yorkshiremen themselves, for Yorkshire roughness. But my recollections — as a rough Yorkshire boy myself — recall rather traits of kindness and gentleness, all the more striking in a man of six foot four, full of restless energy like his. Activity of

mind was at least as striking in him as his long stride and loose manner of gait.

He brought with him to Yorkshire what in those days was no doubt looked upon by some of his friends as a daring and even dangerous width of thought-reading and acquaintance. On the shelves of the room, furnished for himself in an old Yorkshire "fold" * a mile or two out of town, were to be seen the works of Mill, Comte, and Carlyle. And it was soon known that Carlyle and John Sterling were among his personal friends.

When the election came and he threw his energy into it, and one day headed a troop of rough Irishmen and Chartists in an expedition to release some Liberal voters locked up by the Tories in the upper room of a public-house to keep them from voting, no wonder if the new-comer, stalking up the steep, narrow street, his tall, slim figure towering head and shoulders conspicuously above the rabble around him, came in for his share of remark, earning the passing nickname of "the Devil's ramrod" from the people, whilst his more old-fashioned and cautious friends shook their heads and doubted whether the young politician might not be too much of a Chartist for them, especially as it was reported that he had declared himself in favor of universal suffrage.

But the man who was known among other eccentric things to invite an infant school to tea in his fold, hiring as many hurdy-gurdy men as he could lay his hands on to entertain the children, or who interested his friends by the evident sincerity of his anxiety to find out the kindest way of killing a favorite cat which was in misery (I believe one of his mother's favorites), insisting at last on shooting it himself—the only animal he ever shot in his life—and who accompanied his father in his expedition of mercy to Ireland during the famine, and was introduced as the nephew of Sir T. F. Buxton, was better known for higher qualities than his roughness. I remember him one day taking a young lady friend of his and

ours with us boys to Van Amburg's wild-beast show, and in fun squeezing us all through the turnstile as children at half-price, though she was about his own age. I met the lady in question since Mr. Forster's death, and she remarked to me that looking back to his first arrival in Yorkshire she thought too much had been made of his roughness and too little of his genial kindness and generous disposition.

But the *times* were rough enough in Yorkshire and Bradford when he made his first acquaintance with them. Mr. Forster's public life began in a period of commercial and political depression far deeper and more painful than that through which England has recently been passing. The crisis had lasted long and produced fresh probings of economic theories, and out of it had arisen new schools of political economy and new philosophies of social life associated with the names of Mill and Carlyle. Various socialistic movements, with France as a centre, had long been undermining the foundation of monarchical institutions on the Continent, till at length, following upon the French Revolution of 1848, thrones tottered one after another, and the present German emperor, flying from his father's capital, had to take refuge at the residence of the Prussian ambassador in London. The Chartists and the wilder "levellers" of the north of England, with their gangs of rioters and mass meetings on the moors for drilling with pikes—they were too poor to buy firearms—represented the forms of Socialism produced in this more temperate zone of political life. Bad seasons and Irish famines had at length forced the hand of the English government and secured the repeal of the corn-laws. And this had no doubt given some relief. But fresh inroads of Irish into the towns of the West Riding were still swamping more and more the already depressed labor market in the manufacturing districts.

These fresh troubles came, too, at a time when the gradual displacement of hand-loom weaving and wool-combing by machinery was in itself a severe strain upon these districts. The rattle of the

* The enclosure of an old farmhouse is in Yorkshire called a "fold."

shuttle of the hand-loom weaver, working far into the night, was still a familiar sound as you passed his cottage. Long hours and an ever-lessening result in weekly earnings were wearing away his health and that of his pale and sickly family, but he might still be seen bravely bearing on his shoulder the burden of the warp, which was to be woven into another and yet another piece of worsted cloth, or unwinding it by the roadside upon sticks stuck at intervals into holes in the rough dry stone wall, following the traditional routine of his weary life till he should succumb to sickness and poverty, and fall at last out of the rank of workers into the great army of paupers. His fellow-worker, the wool-comber, was still met on the public pathway, shouldering his bundle of wool and carrying in his hand his pair of great long steel-pointed combs, "each in the other locked." His weekly income was no less doomed to dwindle, till the few shillings he could earn must be supplemented by outdoor relief, or he, too, must succumb and go to the workhouse with his family. This hopeless competition with mills and machinery was coming to a close. But even the mill hands were suffering from the general depression, and the relations between employers and employed were anything but easy ones. Pauperism had risen throughout the whole of England and Wales, till during the winter quarter of 1847-8, the public returns showed a total of seventeen hundred thousand persons receiving relief out of a population of about fifteen millions — one in ten!

The process which had brought about this result had been going on for years. I remember — it must have been in 1844 or 1845, before the repeal of the corn-laws — the visit of a gang of rioters. Pouring into the yard of my father's house, armed with sticks and staves, they demanded bread, and after devouring the loaves handed out to them, rushed off to a neighboring mill down in the valley to pull out the plug of the boiler and stop the machinery. At that time, too, almost every other night for some weeks, the horizon was lighted up by the burning of haystacks, till there were hardly any left. At

length there were special constables sworn in and soldiers quartered in the town.

Naturally, as year by year increased the commercial depression, a tone of despondency became almost universal. Capital as well as labor had its trials and losses. Continental anarchy disturbed foreign trade, and much of the wool used in Bradford was then imported from Germany. The railway mania had dragged into the general crisis the savings of the private investor. The price of railway stock was every day falling, till at last the railway king was deposed. People were beginning to enquire whether there was capital enough in England to complete the lines in course of construction. What was to be the remedy? Was there any hope that the prosperity of England and its manufactures would return?

It was in this dull time of despondency, when thousands were on the verge of starvation, and low wages and want of work had become seemingly chronic — in October, 1848 — that Mr. Forster came forward and delivered the three lectures on "Pauperism and its proposed Remedies," at the Mechanic's Institute at Bradford, which first brought him prominently before his future constituency as likely some day to become its member.

I have obtained the reports of these lectures in the *Bradford Observer*. The signs of the times are evident enough in the three current numbers. They contain letters and paragraphs about the railway crisis. They report in the London money market a continuance of panic, purchasers deserting the market, the greatest gloom prevailing, great depression in the funds, discounts $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., advances on the Stock Exchange at 1 per cent., bankers and brokers refusing money at call — "such a general want of confidence that moneyed parties shrink from embarking their capital in what have hitherto been considered as most safe and profitable investments." There is a leading article on the "Insurrection in Vienna." Another on the Irish State trials just after O'Connell's death, and the sentences on the prisoners, who had been defended by Mr. Butt. These trials of Young Ireland's leaders made the closing chapter in the Irish

rebellion of '48. Mr. Forster was fresh from his own visit to Ireland when he gave the lectures. His audience was chiefly composed of men of the working classes — many of them Chartists. I do not know that there is anything very remarkable in them, or that they show any extraordinary foresight. I did not hear them myself; but I remember the interest they excited, and the current comments upon them at the time. Examining them now, after the lapse of thirty-eight years, they seem to me to be of considerable interest, not only from the point of view of the subsequent career of the lecturer and his personal character, but still more as placing before us the views of an ardent young politician in the economic crisis of 1848 for the purpose of comparison with the actual course of events which has now, like the statesman's career, become a matter of history.

Mr. Forster took as his text the poor-law returns — seventeen hundred thousand persons receiving relief in the previous winter quarter — what did this fact mean? What were these paupers who had cost the nation during the previous year £5,300,000? They were mostly surplus laborers. How could there be too many laborers? The men themselves asked, Why are we paupers? Why may we not work? Why should we be surplus laborers? This was the question which all over Europe was being asked even fiercely. Chartism in England, rebellion in Ireland, Red Republicanism in France, peasant wars in Germany, riots in Berlin and Vienna — all these were modes of asking the same question. Pikes and clubs were the rough way of asking it, and bayonets and cannon-balls, though they might seem to stop it for a while, could not answer it.

Mr. Forster's object was to examine the remedies proposed for this terrible fact of pauperism. And first among them he placed *Communism*. What was the Communists' remedy? Pauperism, said the Communist, must arise from one of two causes. Either (1) under-production, or (2) unequal distribution. It could not be the first, because every one knew the general cry of all trades to be *over-production*. The other, unequal distribution, is the result of the doctrine, "*Each for himself*," instead of "*Each for all and all for each*," which latter was the motto of Communism.

From this motto the Communist deduced the theory, "From each according to his strength — to each according to his need." Let a man work as he can and be

paid as he wants. This realized would be the fulfilment of the Communist's dream. But how did he propose to attain it? By causing all wealth to belong, not to individuals, but to the State, and to be redistributed by the State according to the needs of the workers. He (Mr. Forster) had tried to discuss this theory as fairly as he could, as if he had been a Communist himself. It was a tempting theory to the philanthropist and the pauper. But was it true? It struck at the right of private property. But was that right? The permission to each to gather and enjoy the fruits of his labor, to barter the results of his labor with others, to dispose of it during life and will it at death. Surely this was right and just. Surely it would be wrong and unjust to destroy it — to take away from the worker the reward of his labor and the inducement to work, in order that all men, whatever their deserts, should share alike.

Communism pure and simple being found to be unjust, the lecturer next examined St. Simonism with its modified Socialism, based on the motto, "From each man according to his capacity, to each capacity according to its strength." This was quite another thing. Here work, not want, was made the claim to reward. If this could be attained it would be the fulfilment of the true idea of property. But why was it not attained? St. Simon said it was because labor was not properly organized. Too much was left to chance. Let all workers work together in one great organization, throwing the result into a common stock, which should then be distributed to each worker according to his merits.

These schemes had been tried, but had never been found practicable. They would not and could not work. If human nature were perfect they might work, but then they would not be needful. Evidently in neither Communism nor Socialistic schemes like these of St. Simon and others was the remedy for pauperism to be found. So the inquirer is driven to listen to the advocates of *competition* and the principle of *laissez faire*.

The right of labor to its reward — this was the first point in their creed. This right of private property, they said, was the safeguard of society, because this *right* was also a *might*, because this claim of labor to its reward was the motive to produce, and so *self-interest* became the safeguard of society. Enlighten it and give it fair play, and all, they said, would be safe.

"But," asks the pauper, "if this be your medicine, where am I to get it?" Freedom of production would indeed be the remedy if the producers were free. It was because they were not free, because the circumstances of their existence made them machines instead of men that they were paupers.

But then the *laissez faire* man had an answer to this complaint of the pauper. He said to the pauper, it may be all very true that you are not free, but that is not my fault. It is either your own or your parents' fault. Either your or their want of self-denial or ignorance of the rule of enlightened self-interest made you what you are. Probably your parents made a mistake in bringing you into the world. You have been born a law-breaker, and you are a pauper and must starve, and if you don't like it — why — you can die! The *laissez faire* man said this and he prided himself on being a practical man. He urged that whenever government interfered it did more harm than good. It would have been better if the government had always let them alone. No doubt government made many mistakes. But for this very reason Mr. Forster said he would give the ruled a voice in the election of their rulers, so as to make the governors responsible to the governed. This had made him a convert to the principles of free suffrage and kept him to it in spite of the empty vaunts and murderous threats, the mire and blood, through which so many of its professed friends but real foes had dragged it of late. Men had a right not to be misgoverned or let alone, but to be properly governed.

Mr. Forster protested against the *laissez faire* men that government had *duties*, the neglect of the discharge of which produced Communism. And he urged that true political economy did not preach the doctrine of *laissez faire*, did not tell governments to let crime and misery and pauperism alone, but defined the principles on which they should act if they would not do more harm than good.

In the second lecture, Mr. Forster gave to the working men of Bradford a popular view of the truths of political economy, based, as one may easily see, chiefly on John Stuart Mill's great work, which itself was to a large extent based upon what at the time seemed to be the dominant and pressing economic conditions of the problem, viz., the inexorable "*limitation of the wage-fund*" — in other words, scarcity of capital available for the employment of labor — and the increasing pressure of

population upon the means of subsistence attributed to the "*law of diminishing return*." This philosophy ended in the inevitable conclusion that the prudential check of a high moral state and standard of comfort *afforded the only way* out of the dilemma. He concluded thus: —

"To what then had political economy brought them? It proved three things. First, that the workman did not get a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, because the population had kept ahead of agricultural improvements. Second, the only thing which could be effectual to check this over-rapid increase of population was what was called the *prudential check*. Third, this check could only be applied, or if it *could* be applied *ought* only to be applied, not by force or fear, not by forcing paupers to be wifeless or exiles, but by giving them motives to prudence, giving them hope of bettering their condition, putting them in a position they would fear to lose, giving them, in fact, the same chance which other classes had of rising in the world. The standard of living and habits of the people must be raised, their expectations, wishes, and desires increased, their wants strengthened — wants which they would be so eagerly determined to gratify that they would cease to rush into reckless marriages. There must be a lift given to the condition of the laboring classes, their standard of living must be raised or there was little hope."

The concluding lecture is perhaps the most interesting of the three, inasmuch as it was addressed to the practical question, "What can government properly do to raise the standard of comfort among the masses of the people and so to lessen pauperism?"

Should a law be passed that no one should be paid less than a certain fixed minimum scale of wages? That would not do, because the total wage-fund remaining the same, what was given extra to the badly paid must be taken from those now well paid. It would only be shifting a portion of the amount paid in wages from one class to another. If the wage-fund were divided among a smaller number, so many more would be left without a share in it and set aside as mere useless machines. Mr. Forster denied that men ought to be regarded as machines. The *laissez faire* economist would let the surplus laborers die. But that would not do, because, if for no better reason, before they starved they would riot and burn ricks and mills, and so gov-

ernment in practice found it needful to feed the unemployed at the charge of the nation. Hence our *poor laws*.

The mere feeding by the State of the army of unemployed, was, Mr. Forster urged, a loss to the nation. It lessened the national savings, was a drag on the increase of capital, curtailed the already too slow growth of the wage-fund, and so helped to keep down wages. He thus found himself in the meshes of an economic theory from which he could not escape. The laws of political economy being as he found them, he fell in with the current proposal of Mill and his friends, and advocated, what might perhaps raise a smile now among those who are wise after the event, viz., the State employment of the seventeen hundred thousand paupers in productive labor, chiefly in agriculture upon waste lands, so that they might keep themselves by their labor, and cease to be drags upon the increase of the wage-fund. Here was something that government might do. It might encourage unions to employ their paupers. Manchester, Sheffield, Halifax, Marylebone, were already setting to work; why not Bradford, and other places?

Mr. Forster, after alluding cautiously to the subject of emigration, said that there were other things that government could do. A fresh and more equitable arrangement of taxation was one of them, and there were other political and social reforms which would help. Could not government do something to extinguish poverty of mind as well as body? He supposed that, owing to the differences in theological views, the government must let *preaching* alone. But *teaching* was quite another thing. Men might disagree about the articles of faith, but they could hardly dispute about the letters of the alphabet. If religious men objected to State education on the ground either that they feared that teachers might be tempted to preach, or that without the preaching, education would be irreligious; however sincere their opposition to national education, it was, he thought, not their religion but their irreligion and bigotry which prompted the opposition.

The *laissez faire* man indeed objected that if the State undertook the education of the people, it would "first fetter men's minds and then their bodies, and it would end in making them serfs." "If there happened to be any of his old acquaintances, the Chartists, present, he might tell them that he believed a system of

State education would help them uncommonly quick to the suffrage! (Cheers.) If all could wield *pens* it would help them more towards the suffrage than the *pikes* they had wielded of late." (Laughter.)

He concluded his lecture by a reference to Ireland, insisting that it was a part of the English problem, and that so long as there was misery there the inundation of the English labor market by half-starving Irish would be sure to go on. Taking the same view as on English pauperism, he endorsed the proposals of Mill and others, to employ the starving population by buying up the waste lands from the landlords, and placing the peasantry upon them, unconscious as yet that the results of free trade and steam would not in the long run favor the experiment.

Mr. Forster concluded by saying, that "he was gratified by the patient attention he had received, and earnestly commending the subject to the consideration of his hearers. It was a subject upon which he felt warmly . . . he had tried to deal, not with individuals, but principles and facts, and to speak the truth without fear or flattery, for this pauperism was too terrible, too sorrowful a subject to allow of any concealment or disguise of the truth. Why cannot each one of our fellow-citizens earn a fair day's wage for a fair day's work? This ought to be a life question for them all, and let them not rest till each had done his best to insure it!" (Loud cheers.)

As I have said, I did not myself hear the lectures, but I can recall the interest they excited, and how, ever after their delivery, Mr. Forster was regarded, especially by the working men of Bradford, as likely some day to represent the borough in Parliament. It was many years before he did so. When he ceased to live at Bradford, and took a house at Rawdon, and still more when he and his partner bought the mills and estate at Burley, where he ever afterwards resided, he was to a certain extent removed from close connection with Bradford working men and their movements. Amongst the old school of politicians he was for some time looked upon with suspicion, as an extreme Radical, and even as a Chartist and a Socialist. I remember a curious instance of this. He gave a lecture on "St. Augustine," at the Mechanics' Institution. A friend of his at York wrote on hearing of the lecture, that he would come over all the way from York to hear it, if he thought Mr. Forster was going to speak of St. Augustine from the side of

his religious character, but as it was, he should not come to hear the lecture, as of course what had enamored Mr. Forster was St. Augustine's *Communitistic* tendencies. He was wrong. The "Confessions," and the story of St. Augustine's earnest search among the philosophers of his day for the true philosophy, was what had fascinated the lecturer. It was just after John Sterling's death, and I shall never forget the pathos with which he repeated a few lines from a poem of Henry Vaughan's, and concluded with "the equally beautiful words of one whom I have been proud to be able to call my friend, John Sterling."

I gained from hearing that lecture an insight into the deeper side of Mr. Forster's character, and learned to recognize an undercurrent of feeling and an attitude of thought, which lay behind the whole of his political life.

I recollect another occasion on which Mr. Forster came prominently forward, and this was at a meeting called by the Voluntary Educationists, to oppose, I think, the extension of the system of public grants, at which he moved an amendment in favor of national education. He lost it, but was rewarded at the end of the meeting, by three cheers being carried with enthusiasm for "the future member for Bradford."

I will not pursue these personal recollections further. Mr. Forster's political career from this time became the common property of the country, and it is not my intention to describe or to criticise his public political life, or indeed to allude to anything which is beside the purpose for which I have written.

I am calling attention especially to the lectures on pauperism, mainly with the view of comparing the hopes and aspirations and projects of an ardent politician in 1848 with the real future which lay before him and his country. I suppose that no surprise need be excited by the confusion in the minds of honest politicians—many of them Liberals—as to Mr. Forster's object and position in these lectures. To speak soberly upon Communism in those days was to many minds to have a secret inclination towards it. To attempt to state the arguments of the Communist carefully and with fairness, in order to convince him where he was wrong, was quite sufficient evidence for some people of Communistic tendencies, just as the advocacy of general suffrage was enough to make a man a Chartist. Probably any one of these suspicious crit-

ics of Mr. Forster—if such survive—who should choose to read these lectures through from beginning to end now would lay them down with surprise and acknowledge that there is nothing more ultra-Radical about them than the approval of free suffrage, national education, and the State employment of paupers.

On the other hand, I think we may recognize in these lectures not only the deep earnestness with which he commenced the political work of his life—his real sympathy with working men and their trials, and determination to devote himself to their good—but also some of the qualities which were part of the mental fibre of the future statesman. They are not the lectures of a wild enthusiast. They show, I think, an evident and habitually exercised effort to look fairly, and get others to look fairly, at both sides of a question, and to show to his working-class audience that, in dealing with the various Socialistic proposals to get rid of pauperism, he met them with no preconceived negative. He had himself tried to understand and even sympathize with these projects. He had evidently first fairly heard the arguments for them before he gave his verdict against them.

This was a trait in Mr. Forster's character which he retained throughout his career. He was not and never became a mere party man, staunch a Liberal as he was. Strong as his convictions were, his mind was open, and he kept it open to conviction throughout life. His anxiety to understand what was to be said on the opposite side was not momentary. He honestly retained a regard for whatever of truth he found in the views of his opponents. Thus sometimes in the practical result when it came to be shaped in action there was not the simplicity of oneness which most easily ensures popularity. There was sometimes found in it a pertinacious fairness and a determination to do even justice which prevented his always pleasing his own party.

Whatever people thought then, when the lectures were delivered, we may fairly take them as a careful popular expression of what the advanced politicians and political economists of the time had to say on the great subject of pauperism and its remedies when one in every ten of the people was on the list of paupers.

Did their theories hold good? Where did they fail in fulfilment?

There were points in the programme which have been pursued and realized, and which Mr. Forster himself energeti-

cally helped to realize—the extension of the suffrage and national education. These, though strongly democratic remedies for pauperism, were not in the objectionable sense of the word *Socialistic*. They tended to set men free to work out their own prosperity without loafing upon others. They ministered to individual independence, self-reliance, and self-control. But the other specific remedy so ardently advocated by Mr. Forster and the economists of the day—the State employment of paupers—was Socialistic. It was in fact, little as they knew it, a direct concession to the socialistic theory, wrung from otherwise sound political economists by the exigencies of the moment. It has not been found either feasible or necessary. As a practical suggestion it proved abortive. We see that if it had been tried on a large scale it would have tended to pauperize. It would have stopped the progress towards economic prosperity rather than aided it, as all other such remedies must do. But how was it that Mill and others were led to advocate it? Surely a valuable lesson must lie in a careful attempt to find out where lay the flaw in their reasoning, especially at a time when men, under the pressure of another period of depression, are again tempted to favor semi-socialistic remedies.

There can be little doubt I think that the economists of 1848 were led into this unsound suggestion by the current misconception that the ruling and all-controlling limits to economic progress were the "limitation of the wage-fund" and the "law of diminishing return."

Where then lay the flaw in their reasoning?

First, as to their theory of the wage-fund. It assumed that the amount of capital or wealth available for the employment of labor and the payment of wages was at any given moment a fixed and certain quantity, and that wages could not rise higher than this total divided by the number of laborers.

Looking back with eyes opened by subsequent experience, it is easy to see in the condition of things described by the current weekly newspaper in which Mr. Forster's lectures are reported, clear indications that the mischief lay elsewhere than in the inadequacy of the wage-fund. At the moment Mr. Forster was speaking, not only the seventeen hundred thousand of unemployed people, but also millions of idle capital were, as we have seen, going a-begging for employment. Bankers and brokers were reported as refusing to take

fresh money, and charging 1 or 1½ per cent. only for loans on the Stock Exchange, and 2½ and 2½ for the discount of bills. Capitalists dared not embark their capital in any fresh venture. There was over-production in most trades. It seemed likely that the capital already embarked in railways would yield a very poor return, and such was the sense of insecurity and unsettlement, owing to commercial panic and political uncertainty, that, with money crying out for investment, consols were at 85.

The volume of capital is no doubt relatively to population vastly larger now than it was in 1848, but it may well be doubted whether even *then* want of capital or too small wage-fund was a great factor in the depression which caused the pauperism.

The wage-fund is as a matter of fact not a fixed quantity. Show a profit on capital invested in the employment of labor in any particular trade, and floods of capital will flow into the wage-fund of that trade, and would have done so even then without stint. But capital is timid, and therefore you may have funds at 85 and millions lying idle in the banks while one in ten of your population may be in part fed by the poor rates. There may be over-production in almost every trade, because those who are still at work in each trade may be producing more than consumers can purchase of the particular goods they supply.

Mr. Forster, in his lecture, speaks of the Bradford warehouses as glutted with goods, and the wharves of England as overflowing with corn. The very cry of the unemployed was "over-production," and this led them to burn ricks and mills.

The heresy as to the wage-fund has been in part exposed by recent economists. It has been shown that the produce of the labor itself provides at least the greater part of the wage-fund required to produce it; that thus, only a small part of it comes out of capital, so that the wage-fund is elastic and not fixed.

Further, the conception of the wage-fund as a single fund seems to be fallacious. There are, in truth, thousands of wage-funds. Each trade has its own; and capital will flow into this or that trade according to the prospect of profits held out to it.

The real limit is the *demand for the produce* of any particular trade. The wage-fund of that trade is and was limited, not by the general scarcity of capital, but only by *the total value of the produce for which there may be purchasers*. The total value has to be divided between the labor and

capital employed in its production. And in the long run both labor and capital will flow into a trade or out of it, according to the temptations it offers or fails to offer in the shape of wages and profit.

If, therefore, you have seventeen hundred thousand paupers, you cannot set them to work in any existing trade, without lessening the rate of wages and profits in that trade, because you do not thereby materially increase the consumption of the article produced. If, for instance, you set one thousand of them to make clothes for the army, one thousand tailors, who are now making the clothes, would be thrown out of employment.

The only way in which the unemployed can be employed without lessening the wages of the already employed lies either in the direction of an increased consumption of the productions of existing trades (which must necessarily be gradual, and can hardly be artificially stimulated to any great extent), or in the discovery of new objects of production which shall add to human comfort, or economize time and labor so as ultimately and permanently to raise the standard of comfort of large classes of mankind.

And, in the nature of things, we may rely upon it that, if the energy and enterprise and invention of a nation are not greatly at fault, so far as economic laws are concerned, its future population, even though rapidly increasing, will, so long as practically the limits of the land of the world are still wide enough and the door of emigration open to all, find ample employment in the supply of the ever-increasing demands. And all in their turn will become consumers, and do their share in swelling the ever-increasing demand for the products even of the old trades. It may confidently be assumed that the wage-fund will expand to meet the emergency. The increase of capital and the system of credit in our stage of civilization will take good care of that.

Surely the *elasticity* and not the *limitation* of the wage-fund, for practical purposes, is the dominant law of economic progress, which, though slow in its working, nevertheless has lain and lies at the root of the possibility and the hope — hitherto imperfectly, no doubt, but yet in degree marvellously realized — that a hale and energetic race, ever increasing in numbers, may at the same time steadily and surely in the long run increase in individual wealth, and constantly and steadily find itself attaining a higher and higher standard of comfort, not only for one here

and another there, but diffused more and more evenly through the millions and tens of millions of its working classes.

In this law surely rests the hope that the planet will not be an economic failure, that the future of the world will be in a material sense better than the past.

But the old economists were hampered not only by their notion of a limited wage-fund, but also and still more by their doctrine of the inexorable and dominating rule of the law of "diminishing return." The result they traced to this law was the constant tendency of population to outrun the production of the necessities of life. The cost of production, they thought, was likely ever to become greater and greater, and nothing but a check on population could avert the consequent misery of mankind.

It is quite true with reservations (of which they were aware), that every added dose of capital applied to any particular land must result in a diminished proportional return. If the land from which the food of an ever-increasing English population had to be drawn were limited to English soil only, the law of diminishing return would really be the most inexorable and controlling of limitations to English progress and prosperity. But free trade and steam have opened to our markets all the corn-growing land of the world, so that, as a matter of fact, during the past forty years, the growth of population has not outrun the supply of corn, but the supply of corn has outrun the growth of population. In this the fears of the Malthusians have been outwitted by the native resources of political economy. The really dominating factor in economic evolution has proved, so far, to be not the law of diminishing return, making it harder and harder to find food for the world's population, but its opposite — viz., the *law of diminishing cost of production*. This law has hitherto outridden the other.

Will it do so in the future? All one can say is, that it seems very probable that for some generations to come it will. For all practical purposes of calculation it seems more likely that we shall have to reckon with a constantly increasing cheapness of food, clothing, and other necessities of life, than the opposite; provided that there is a fair exercise on man's part of his intellectual faculties in invention and foresight, and of his moral faculties in the maintenance of social order, health, energy, and enterprise, and provided further that the door of emigration and natural expansion is duly kept open.

The general cheapness in our markets,

during this time of depression of trade, of all the great articles of human consumption is a fact which, instead of causing alarm, ought surely, within reasonable limits, to be taken as a proof, and a most effective one, that our civilization is, materially at least, a success; that the devices of human intelligence and the increase of capital, and the increasing diffusion of wealth and division of labor, and the use of machinery and other resources of civilization, have more than overcome the difficulties placed in our way by the law of diminishing return—a proof that growth of population, if accompanied with these other things which in the lump we call civilization, ought (till the limits of space on the planet are much more nearly reached than they are) to mean not only an ever-increasing total production of wealth for all, but an ever-increasing share in it for each. This seems, as we have said, to be the dominant law of economic evolution, and not the law of diminishing return.

No doubt the limits of space on the planet will some day count for more than they do now in the problem of economic progress. But even the certain prospect of a limit some day to be realized need not unduly appall us. The resources of nature in the sphere of economic laws will not even then be exhausted. The law of diminishing return may again some day become as dominant a factor for the whole world as it was in England before the barrier of the corn-laws was broken. This may come one or two hundred years hence, or possibly earlier. Be it so. Let us never forget what such a prospect would mean. It would mean that there was this period, whatever it may be, still left for the gradual growth and realization of that prudential check, which a steady rise in the standard of comfort ought to produce. Mr. Mill's chapter on the "Stationary State" may thus be good reading some day. The stationary state may turn out after all to be the millennium of economic expectation, but for anything we know the sky may fall and we may be catching larks before that millennium arrives.

No doubt Mr. Forster and those who thought with him in 1848 would have said that at the time he spoke there was *not* an over-production but a scarcity of bread, and therefore that in advocating the employment of the seventeen hundred thousand paupers in the growth of corn and of Irish starving peasants on waste lands, he would not be overstocking a market and

lessening the wages of the already too poorly paid farm-laborers of England. But it is easy to see now after the event that there was a very real limit to the growth of corn in England and that, under the operations of free trade, the new land broken up for the employment of the paupers would not have held its own in competition with American land. But England at that time had not become used to depend on a foreign supply of corn, and the possibility of an over-production of corn had hardly occurred to any one. Mr. Forster lived to see the day when, without the State employment of paupers, their number was reduced by one-half. He lived to see the population of England steadily increase along with a steady rise in wages, and in the general standard of comfort.

Nowhere has this great economic success been more striking than in the manufacturing districts. I shall never forget the interest with which Mr. Forster showed Mr. Trollope and myself over the mills belonging to his firm at Burley, a few years ago. There was, at the moment, considerable depression of trade in the Bradford district, owing chiefly to the run which fashion had taken upon French goods, but Mr. Forster showed us how the Bradford manufacturers were striving to meet the competition, not by reducing wages, but by all possible expedients to lessen the cost of production, one of these being the combination of two looms or spinning jennies under the oversight of a single girl. And he pointed out, with emphasis, that the girl of perhaps eighteen, with her perfectly clean apron and work which any lady might do, was probably earning more wages than a handloom weaver and his whole family could pick up in 1848.

How unlikely did it seem in 1848 that such a result would be obtained in a lifetime! By what process was it obtained? Not by stopping the increase of population. Not by State employment of paupers. Not by thrusting back the inhabitants of the yards and alleys of our great towns upon the land. Not by shutting out foreign competition, not by any departure from the strictest regard to the laws of political economy. But by the operation of economic laws themselves, rewarding ingenuity, energy, and enterprise.

Is there not, in these considerations, some instruction for our young and ardent politicians at the present moment? especially those who, whether amongst the working classes themselves or not, have

the welfare of the millions most directly at heart. Are they not—are not *we* all in times of depression of trade—tempted to turn rather to specific remedies and sometimes to quack remedies, than to economic laws, to seek for royal roads rather than to push patiently along the slower paths of true economic progress. It may be well that in days when semi-communistic theories are again broached even in very high quarters, and when prominent politicians are again talking of putting the people back upon the land in some mysterious manner by a legislative process, they—we—should be reminded that economic progress is ten times more likely to be secured by adherence to its own laws and by the careful removal of obstacles to their working than by any specific and artificial remedies which we may be tempted to propose.

So Mr. Forster found it. His political work was not the State employment of the seventeen hundred thousand paupers on land which could not have borne the competition with land across the oceans. His political work was not the unequal attempt to carry out a false theory of political economy or to contravene or evade economic laws, but to remove the artificial obstacles to their working. In two points he did much to realize his earliest programme. He did much to help on the extension of the suffrage. He succeeded in using the first Parliament elected on the extended suffrage to pass that measure of national education which will ever be associated with his name.

No doubt, looking to the future, the work of education is but begun. The kind of education aimed at as yet is too scholastic and too little practical and technical; but if England is to hold her own in the race of economic development, hardly any more efficient first step could have been taken in Mr. Forster's lifetime towards the ultimate conquest of pauperism than his Education Act.

The present commercial depression arises, it is obvious, not for want of capital, for capital is going a-begging; not for want of a more elastic wage-fund, for the wage-fund is elastic enough. Not for want of fresh fields for enterprise, for if America is beginning to see the limit of her almost endless area of corn-growing land, Oceana lies open also to emigrants. Not because population has outrun the production of food, for food is cheaper and better and more evenly plentiful than ever before in the history of the world.

The one factor missing in the group of

factors needful to ensure further advance in economic development towards a higher standard of comfort for the masses of the people here and abroad seems to lie in a lack of those moral and intellectual qualities which are needful to ensure success. Economic progress is straightened, not by its own laws, but by flaws and faults in human nature—in *ourselves*.

More enterprise, intelligence, invention, energy, forethought, sobriety, and self-restraint are needful to keep the stone rolling. Every fit of reckless expenditure, which means enforced economy afterwards, stimulates our production at one moment to disappoint it at the next. Every vice in individuals, in families, in nations, is the seed of a fresh crop of pauperism. Every blunder as well as every crime in the policy of statesmen is a sowing of fresh dragons' teeth. The gigantic waste of Continental armies, the tariffs by which their cost is obtained, our own inconsistencies in foreign policy and mismanagement of our own vast empire, keep back the progress of the nation and add to the army of the unemployed by discouraging enterprise and the free circulation, as it were, of the blood of the world.

The English-speaking nations have an immense advantage in the wide range of territory open to English emigration. But they may throw it away. If we cannot keep the door of emigration to our colonies well open to our people, we so far spoil our own markets and cut our own throats. Uneducated or half-educated Englishmen or Irishmen (one can hardly say so of Scotchmen!) remain too often stolid and stationary where they are not wanted. The great English-speaking temperate zone lies before them, but they too often remain, like vegetables, rooted to the soil of their birth. Economic laws only act quickly when there is intelligence and enterprise to which they can appeal. Education of the right kind ought to set men free to respond more readily to economic requirements, and amongst other gifts give them increased powers of locomotion. But in addition to this, something seems to be lacking to oil the wheels of our vast colonial machine and to place the English people in closer contact with the new Englands across the oceans.

Mr. Forster used to speak of the great ideal or dream of his political vision as the bringing closer together of the English-speaking people of the world. His latest exertions were in the direction of colonial confederation. Whether this be

the right specific remedy or not, there can be little doubt that his political instinct was a true one. And step by step the end may in the future be accomplished.

God has conceded two sights to a man — One, of men's whole work, time's completed plan,
The other of the minutes' work, man's first Step to the plan's completeness.

It remains for surviving and future statesmen, whilst keeping the true goal of economic evolution always before them, to take care that they do not, like Sordello, drawn aside by the pursuit of some semi-socialistic will-o'-the-wisp, fail to see and to take the practical steps which lie next before them ready to be taken on the straight road of economic progress.

F. SEEBOHM.

From Good Words.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK III. — AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

It had been hard work to persuade her, but Mrs. Hallam had consented at last to rest quietly in the hotel, while Bayle obtained the necessary passes for her and her daughter to see Hallam. This done, he took the papers and letters of recommendation he had brought and waited upon the governor.

There was a good deal of business going on, and Bayle was shown into a side room where a clerk was writing, and asked to sit down.

"Your turn will come in about an hour," said the official who showed him in, and Bayle sat down to wait.

As he looked up, he saw that the clerk was watching him intently; and as their eyes met, he said in a low voice, —

"May I ask if you came out in the Sea King?"

"Yes; I landed this morning."

"Any good news, sir, from the old country?"

"Nothing particular; but I can let you have a paper or two, if you like."

"Thank you, sir. I should be very glad, but I meant Ireland. You thought I meant England."

"But you are not an Irishman?"

"Yes, sir. Have I forgotten my brogue?"

"I did not detect it."

"Perhaps I've forgotten it," said the man sadly, "as they seem to have forgotten me. Ten years make a good deal of difference."

"Have you been out here ten years?"

"Yes, sir, more."

"Do you know anything about the prisons?"

The clerk flushed, and then laughed bitterly.

"Oh, yes," he said; "I know something about them."

"And the prisoners?"

"Ye—es. Bah! what is the use of keeping it back? Of course I do, sir. I was sent out for the benefit of my country."

"You?"

"Yes, sir; I am a lifer."

Bayle gazed at the man in surprise.

"You look puzzled, sir," he said.

"Why, almost every other man out here is a convict."

"But you have been pardoned?"

"Pardoned? No; I am only an assigned servant. I can be sent back to the chain-gang at any time if I give offence. There, for Heaven's sake, sir, don't look at me like that! If I offended against the laws, I have been bitterly punished."

"You mistake my looks," said Bayle gently; "they did not express my feelings to you, for they were those of sorrow."

"Sorrow?" said the man, who spoke as if he were making a great effort to keep down his feelings. "Ay, sir, you would say that if you knew all I had endured. It has been enough to make a man into a fiend, herding with the wretches sent out here, and at any moment, at the caprice of some brutal warder or other official, ordered the lash."

Bayle drew his breath between his teeth hard.

"There, I beg your pardon, sir; but the sight of a face from over the sea, and a gentle word, sets all the old pangs stinging again. I'm better treated now. This governor is a very different man from the last."

"Perhaps you may get a full pardon yet," said Bayle; "your conduct has evidently been good."

"No. There will be no pardon for me, sir. I was too great a criminal."

"What—but I have no right to ask you," said Bayle.

"Yes, ask me, sir. My offence? Well, like a number of other hot-headed young men, I thought to make myself a patriot and free Ireland. That was my crime."

"Tell me," said Bayle, after a time, "did you ever encounter a prisoner named Hallam?"

"Robert Hallam — tall, dark, handsome man?"

"Yes; that answers the description."

"Sent over with a man named Crellock, for a bank robbery, was it not?"

"The same man. Where is he now?"

"He was up the country as a convict servant, shepherding; but I think he is back in the gangs again. Some of them are busy on the new road."

"Was he — supposed to be innocent out here?"

"Innocent? No. It was having to herd with such scoundrels made our fate the more bitter. Such men as he and his mate —"

"His mate?"

"Yes — the man Crellock — were never supposed to be very —"

He ceased speaking, and began to write quickly, for a door was opened, and an attendant requested Bayle to follow him.

He was ushered into the presence of an officer, who apologized for the governor's being deeply engaged, consequent upon the arrival of the ship with the draft of men. But the necessary passes were furnished, and Bayle left.

As he was passing out with the documents in his hand he came suddenly upon Captain Otway and the lieutenant, both in uniform.

The captain nodded in a friendly way and passed on; but Eaton stopped.

"One moment, Mr. Bayle," he said rather huskily. "I want you to answer a question."

Bayle bowed, and then met his eyes calmly, and without a line in his countenance to betoken agitation.

"I — I want you to tell me — in confidence, Mr. Bayle — why Mrs. Hallam and her daughter have come out here."

"I am not at liberty, Lieutenant Eaton, to explain to a stranger Mrs. Hallam's private affairs."

"Then will you tell me this? Why have you come here to-day? But I can see. Those are passes to allow you to go beyond the convict lines."

"They are," said Bayle.

"That will do, sir," said the young man, with his lip quivering; and hurrying on he rejoined Captain Otway, who was standing awaiting his coming in the door-

way, in front of which a sentry was passing up and down.

Bayle went back to the hotel, where Mrs. Hallam was waiting impatiently, and Julia with her, both dressed for going out.

"You have been so long," cried Mrs. Hallam; "but tell me — you have the passes?"

"Yes; they are here," he said.

"Give them to me," she cried, with feverish haste. "Come, Julia."

"You cannot go alone, Mrs. Hallam," said Bayle in a remonstrant tone. "Try and restrain yourself. Then we will go on at once."

She looked at him half angrily; but the look turned to one of appeal as she moved towards the door.

"But are you quite prepared?" he whispered. "Do you still hold to the intention of taking Julia?"

"Yes, yes," she cried fiercely. "Christie Bayle, you cannot feel with me. Do you not realize that it is the husband and father waiting to see his wife and child?"

Bayle said no more then, but walked with them through the roughly marked out streets of the embryo city, towards the convict lines.

"I shall see you to the gates," he said, "secure your admission, and then await your return."

Mrs. Hallam pressed his hand, and then, as he glanced at Julia, he saw that she was trembling and deadly pale. The next minute, however, she had mastered her emotion, and they walked quickly on, Mrs. Hallam with her head erect, and proud of mien, as she seemed in every movement to be wishing to impress upon her child that they should rather glory in their visit than feel shame. There was something almost triumphant in the look she directed at Bayle, a look which changed to angry reproach, as she saw his wrinkled brow, and the trouble in his face.

Half-way to the prison gates there was a measured tramp of feet, and a quick, short order was given in familiar tones.

The next moment the head of a company of men came into sight; and Bayle recognized the faces. In the rear were Captain Otway and Lieutenant Eaton, both of whom saluted, Mrs. Hallam acknowledging each bow with the dignity of a queen.

Bayle tried hard, but he could not help glancing at Julia, to see that she was deadly pale but looking as erect and proud as her mother.

Captain Otway's company were told off on some special duty. They had just

passed the prison gates; and it was next to impossible for Mrs. Hallam and her daughter to be going anywhere but to the large barracks devoted to the convicts.

Bayle knew that the two officers must feel this as they saluted; and in spite of himself, he could not forbear feeling a kind of gratification. For it seemed to him that henceforth a gulf would be placed between them, and the pleasant friendship of the voyage be at an end.

Mrs. Hallam knew it, but she did not shrink, and her heart bounded as she saw the calm demeanor of her child.

The measured tramp of the soldiers' feet was still heard, when a fresh party of men came into sight; and as he partly realized what was before him, Bayle stretched out his hand to arrest his companions.

"Come back," he said quickly; "we will go on after these men have passed."

"No," said Mrs. Hallam firmly, "we will go on now. Christie Bayle, do you fancy that we should shrink from anything at a time like this?"

"But for her sake," whispered Bayle.

"She is my child, and we know our duty," retorted Mrs. Hallam proudly.

But her face was paler, and she darted a quick glance at Julia, whose eyes dilated, and whose grasp of her mother's arm was closer, as from out of the advancing group came every now and then a shriek of pain, with sharp cries, yells, and savage curses.

The party consisted of a sergeant and three soldiers with fixed bayonets, one leading, two behind a party of eight men in grotesque rough garments, whose fetters clanked and jingled at every step. Four of them walked in front, following the first soldier, and behind them the other four carried a litter or stretcher, upon which, raised on a level with their shoulders, they bore a man who was writhing in acute pain, and now cursing his bearers for going so fast, now directing his oaths against the authorities.

"It'll be your turn next," he yelled, as he threw an arm over the side of the stretcher. "Can't you go slow? Ah, the cowards—the cowards!"

Here the man rolled out a fierce volley of imprecations, his voice sounding hoarse and strange; but his bearers, morose, pallid-looking men with a savage, downcast look, paid no heed, tramping on with their chains that passed from an iron cincture down to each ankle clanking loudly, and the soldiers taking it all as a matter of course.

At a glance the difference between them was most marked. The soldiers had a smart, independent air, there was an easy-going, cheery look in their brown faces; while in those of the men they guarded, and upon whom they would have been called to fire if there were an attempt to escape, there were deeply stamped in the hollow cheek, sunken eye, and graven lines, crime, misery, and degradation, and that savage recklessness that seems to lower man to a degree far beneath the beast of the jungle or wild. The closely cropped hair, the shorn chins with the stubble of several days' growth, and the fierce glare of the convicts' overshadowed eyes as they caught sight of the two well-dressed ladies, sent a thrill through Bayle's breast, and he would gladly have even now forced his companions to retreat, but it was impossible. For as they came up, the ruffian on the stretcher, to which he was strapped, uttered an agonizing cry of pain, and then yelled out the one word, "Water!"

Julia uttered a low sobbing cry, and, before Bayle or Mrs. Hallam could realize her act, she had started forward and laid her hand upon the sergeant's arm, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she cried,—

"Oh, sir, do you not hear him? Is there no water here?"

"Halt!" shouted the sergeant; and with military precision the cortège stopped. "Set him down, lads."

The convicts gave a half-turn and lowered the handles of the stretcher, retaining them for a moment, and then in the same automatic way placed their burden on the dusty earth. It was quickly and smoothly done in silence; but the movement seemed to cause the man intense pain, and he writhed and cursed horribly at his bearers, ending by asking again for water.

"It isn't far to the hospital, miss," said the sergeant; "and he has had some once. Here, Jones, give me your canteen."

One of the privates unslung his water-tin and handed it to Julia, who seized it eagerly, while the sergeant turned to Bayle and said in a quick whisper,—

"Haden't you better get the ladies away, sir?"

By this time Julia was on her knees by the side of the stretcher, holding the canteen to the lips of the wretched man, who drank with avidity, rolling his starting eyes from side to side.

"Has there been a battle?" whispered Julia to the soldier who had handed her

the water-tin. "He is dreadfully wounded, is he not? Will he die?"

Julia's quickly following questions were heard by the eight convicts, who were looking on with heavy, brutal curiosity; but not one glanced at his companions.

"Bless your heart, no, miss. A few days in hospital will put him right," said the soldier, smiling.

"How can you be so cruel?" panted the girl indignantly. "Suppose you were lying there."

"Well, I hope, miss," said the man good-humoredly, "that if I had been black-guard enough to have my back scratched, I should not be such a cur as to howl like that."

"Julia, my child, come away," whispered Bayle, taking her hand and trying to raise her as the sergeant looked on good-humoredly. "The man has been flogged for some offence. This is no place for you."

"Hush!" she cried, as, drawing away her hand, she bent over the wretched man and wiped the great drops of perspiration from his forehead.

He ceased his restless writhing and gazed up at the sweet face bending over him with a look of wonder. Then his eyes dilated and his lips parted. The next moment he had turned his eyes upon Mrs. Hallam, who was bending over her child half-trying to raise her, but with a horrible fascination in her gaze, while a curious silence seemed to have fallen on the group—so curious, that when one of the convicts moved slightly, the clank of his fetters sounded strangely loud in the hot sunshine.

"By your leave, miss," said the sergeant, not unkindly. "I daren't stop. Fall in, my lads! Stretchers, forward!"

As the man, who was perfectly silent now, was raised by the convicts to the level of their shoulders, he wrenched his head round that he might turn his distorted features, purple with their deep flush, and continue his wondering stare at Julia and then at Mrs. Hallam.

Then the tramp and clank, tramp and clank went on, the soldiers raising each a hand to his forehead, and smiling at the group they left, while the sergeant took off his cap, the sun shining down on a good manly English face, as he took a step towards Julia.

"I beg pardon, miss," he said; "I'm only a rough fellow—but if you'd let me kiss your hand?"

Julia smiled in the sergeant's brown face as she laid her white little hand in his, and he raised it almost reverently to his lips.

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Then, saluting Mrs. Hallam, he turned quickly to Bayle,—

"I did say, sir, as this place was just about like—you know what; but I see we've got angels even here."

He went off at the double after his men, twenty paces ahead, while Bayle, warned by Julia, had just time to catch Mrs. Hallam as she reeled, and would have fallen.

"Mother, dear mother!" cried Julia. "This scene was too terrible for you."

"No, no! I am better now," said Mrs. Hallam hoarsely. "Let us go on. Did you see?" she whispered, turning to Bayle.

"See?" he said reproachfully. "Yes; but I tried so hard to spare you this scene."

"Yes; but it was to be," she said in the same hoarse whisper, as with one hand she held Julia from her, and spoke almost in her companion's ear. "You did not know him," she said. "I did; at once."

"That man?"

"Yes."

Then, after a painful pause, she added,—

"It was Stephen Crellock."

"Her husband's associate and friend," said Bayle, as he stood outside the prison gates waiting; for after the presentation of the proper forms, Millicent Hallam and her child had been admitted by special permission to see the prisoner named upon their pass, and Christie Bayle remained without, seeing in imagination the meeting between husband, wife, and child, and as he waited, seated on a block of stone, his head went down upon his hands, and his spirit sank very low, for all was dark upon the life-path now ahead.

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE CONVICT BARRACKS.

"Be firm, my darling," whispered Mrs. Hallam; and as they followed their guide, hand in hand, Julia seemed to take strength and fortitude from the proud pale face, and eyes bright with matronly love and hope.

"Mother!"

Only that word, but it was enough. Millicent Hallam was satisfied, for she read in the tone and in the look that accompanied it the fact that her teaching had not been in vain, and that she had come to meet her martyr husband with the love of wife and child.

The officer who showed them into a

bare room, with its grated windows, glanced at them curiously before leaving them; and then they had to wait through what seemed to them an age of agony, listening to the slow, regular tramp of a couple of sentries, one seeming to be in a passage close at hand, the other beneath the window of the room where they were seated upon a rough bench.

"Courage! my child," said Mrs. Hallam, looking at Julia with a smile; and then it was the latter who had to start up and support her, for, as there was the distant sound of feet and the clank of fetters, Mrs. Hallam's face contracted as from some terrible spasm, and she swayed sidewise.

"Heaven give me strength!" she groaned; and then, clinging together, the suffering women watched the door as the heavy tramp came nearer, and with it that clink-clank of chains.

As Julia watched the door the remembrance of the stern handsome face of her childhood seemed to come up from the past—that face with the profusion of well-tended, wavy black hair, brushed back from the high, white forehead; the bright, piercing eyes that were shaded by long, heavy lashes; the closely shaven lips and chin, and the thick dark whiskers—the face of the portrait in their little London home. And it seemed to her that she would see it again directly, that the old sternness would have given place to a smile of welcome, and as her heart beat fast her eyes filled with tears, and she was gazing through a mist that dimmed her sight.

The door was thrown open; the clink-clank of the fetters was heard, and as the door was abruptly closed, mother and daughter remained unmoved, clinging more tightly together, staring wildly through their tear-blinded eyes at the gaunt convict standing there, with face that seemed to have been stamped in the mould of the poor wretch's they had so lately seen; closely cropped grey hair; stubbly, silvered beard; and face drawn in a half-derisive smile.

"Well!" he said in a strange, hoarse voice that was brutal in its tones; and a sound issued from his throat that bore some resemblance to a laugh. "Am I so changed?"

"Robert! husband!"

The words rang through the cell-like room like the cry of some stricken life, and then the fetters gave a dull clank as Millicent Hallam threw herself upon his breast.

He bent over her as he held her tightly, and placed his mouth to her ear, while the beautiful quivering lips were turned towards his in their agony of longing for his welcoming kiss.

"Hush! listen!" he said, and he gave her a sharp shake. "Have you brought the tin case?"

She nodded as she clung to him, clasping him more tightly to her heaving breast.

"You've got it safely?"

She nodded quickly again.

"Where is it?"

She breathed hard, and attempted to speak, but it was some time before she could utter the expected words.

"Why don't you speak?" he said in a rough whisper. "You have it safe?"

She nodded again.

"Where?"

"It—it is at—the hotel," panted Mrs. Hallam.

"Quite safe?"

"Yes."

"Unopened?"

"Yes."

"Thank God!"

His manner seemed to change, his eyes brightened, and his brutalized countenance altogether looked less repellent, as he uttered those words. As he stood there at first, his head hung, as it were, forward from between his shoulders, and his whole attitude had a despicable, cringing, trampled-down look that now seemed to pass away. He filled out and drew himself up; his eyes brightened as if hope had been borne to him by the coming of wife and child. It was no longer the same man, so it seemed to Julia as she stood aloof, trembling and waiting for him to speak to her.

"Good girl! good wife!" said Hallam, in a low voice; and his fetters clinked again as he kissed the quivering woman, who, as she clasped him to her heart and grew to him once more, saw nothing of the change, but closed her eyes mentally and really, the longing of years satisfied, everything forgotten, even the presence of Julia, in the great joy of being united once again.

"There!" he said suddenly; "that must do now. There is only a short time, and I have lots to say, my gal."

Millicent Hallam's eyes opened, and she quite started back from her love romance to reality, his words sounded so harsh, his language was so coarse and strange; but she smiled again directly, a happy, joyous smile, as nestling within

her husband's left arm, she laid her cheek upon the coarse woollen convict garb, and clinging there sent, with a flash from her humid eyes, a loving invitation to her child.

She did not speak, but her action was eloquent as words, and bade the trembling girl take the place she had half-vacated, the share she offered—the strong right arm, and the half of her husband's breast.

Julia read and knew, and in an instant she too was clinging to the convict, looking piteously in his scarred, half-brutal countenance, with eyes that strove so hard to be full of love, but which gazed through no medium of romance. Strive how she would, all seemed so hideously real—this hard, coarse-looking, brutal-voiced man was not the father she had been taught to reverence and love; it was with a cry full of misery and despair that she gazed at him with her lips quivering, and then burst into a wild fit of sobbing as she buried her face in his breast.

"There, there, don't cry," he said almost impatiently; and there was no working of the face, nothing to indicate that he was moved by the passionate woe of his faithful wife, or the agony of the beautiful girl whose sobs shook his breast. "Time's precious now. Wait till I get out of this place. You go and sit down, Julie. By jingo!" he continued, with a look of admiration as he held her off at arm's length, "what a handsome gal you've grown! No sweetheart yet, I hope?"

Julia shrank from him with scarlet face, and as he loosed her hand she shrank back to the rough seat, with her eyes wild and troubled and her hands trembling.

"Now, Milly, my gal," said Hallam, drawing his wife's arm through his, and leading her beneath the window as he spoke in a low voice once more, "you have that case safe and unopened?"

"Yes."

"Then look here! Business. I must be rough and plain now. You have brought me my freedom."

"Robert!"

Only that word, but so full of frantic joy.

"Quiet, and listen. You will do exactly as I tell you?"

"Yes. Can you doubt?"

"No. Now look here. You will take a good house at once, the best you can. If you can't get one—they're very scarce

—the hotel will do. Stay there, and behave as if you were well off—as you are."

"Robert, I have nothing," she gasped.

"Yes, you have," he said with a laugh.

"I have; and we are one."

"You have? Money?"

"Of course. Do you suppose a man is at work out here for a dozen years without making money? There! don't you worry about that; you're new. You'll find plenty of men, who came out as convicts, rich men now with land of their own. But we are wasting time. I tell you you have brought out my freedom."

"Your pardon?"

"No. Nonsense! I shall have to stay out here; but it does not matter now. Only go and do as I tell you, and carefully, for you are only a woman in a strange place, and alone till you get me out."

"Mr. Bayle is here, and Sir Gordon—"

"Bayle!" cried Hallam, catching her wrist with a fierce grip and staring in an angry way at the agitated face before him.

"Yes; he has been so helpful and true all through our trouble, and—"

"Curse Bayle!" he muttered. Then aloud, and in a fierce, impatient way, "Never mind that now. I shall have to go back to the gang directly, and I have not said half I want to say."

"I will not speak again," she said eagerly. "Tell me what to do."

"Take house or apartments at once; behave as if you were well off—I tell you that you are; do all yourself, and send in an application to the authorities for two assigned servants."

"Assigned servants?"

"Yes; convict servants," said Hallam impatiently. "There! you must know. There are so many that the government is glad to get the well-behaved convicts off its hands, and into the care of settlers who undertake their charge. You want two men, as you have settled here. You will have papers to sign, and give undertakings; but do it all boldly, and you will select two. They won't ask you any questions about your taking up land, they are too glad to get rid of us. If they do ask anything, you can boldly say you want them for butler and coachman."

"But, Robert, I do not understand."

"Do as I tell you," he said sharply.

"You will select two men—myself and Stephen Crellock."

"Yourself and Stephen Crellock?"

"Yes. There! don't look so bewildered,

woman. It is the regular thing, and we shall be set at liberty."

"At liberty?"

"Yes, to go anywhere in the colony. You are answerable to the government for us."

"But, Robert, you would come as — my servant?"

"Pooh! Only in name. So long as you claim us as your servants, that is all that is wanted. Plenty are freed on these terms, and once they are out, go and live with their families, like any one else."

"This is done here?"

"To be sure it is. I tell you that once a man has been in the gangs here for a few years they are glad to get him off their hands, so as to leave room for others who are coming out. Why, Milly, they could not keep all who are sent away from England, and people are easier and more forgiving out here. Hundreds of those you see here were lags."

"Lags?"

"Bah! how innocent you are. Well, convicts. Now, quick! they are coming. You understand?"

"Yes."

"And you will do as I tell you?"

"Everything," said Mrs. Hallam.

"Of course you cannot make this a matter of secrecy. It does not matter who knows. But the tin case; remember that is for me alone."

"But the authorities," said Mrs. Hallam; "they will know I am your wife."

"The authorities will trouble nothing about it. I have a fairly good record, and they will be glad. As for Crellock —"

"That man!" gasped Mrs. Hallam.

"Well?"

"We saw him — as we came."

Hallam's face puckered.

"Poor fellow," he said hastily. "Ah, that was a specimen of the cruel treatment we receive. It was unfortunate. But we can't talk about that. There they are. Remember!"

She pressed the coarse hard hand that was holding hers as the door was thrown open, and without another word Hallam obeyed the sign made by the officer in the doorway, and, as the two women crept together, Julia receiving no further recognition, they saw him sink from his erect position, his head went down, his back rounded, and he went out with his fetters clanking.

Then the door shut loudly, and they stood listening, as the steps died away, save those of the sentries in the passage and beneath the window.

The silence, as they stood in that blank, cell-like room, was terrible; and when at last Julia spoke, her mother started and stared at her wildly from the confused rush of thought that was passing through her brain.

"Mother, is it some dreadful dream?"

Mrs. Hallam's lips parted, but no words came, and for the moment she seemed to be sharing her child's mental shock, the terrible disillusionizing to which she had been subjected.

The recovery was quick, though, as she drew a long breath.

"Dream? No, my child, it is real; and at last we can rescue him from his dreadful fate."

Whatever thoughts she may have had that militated against her hopes, she crushed down, forcing herself to see nothing but the result of a terrible persecution, and ready to be angered with herself for any doubts as to what was her duty.

In this spirit she followed the man who had led them in back to the gates, where Bayle was waiting; and as he gazed anxiously in the faces of the two women, it was to see Julia's scared, white, and ready to look appealingly in his, while Mrs. Hallam's was radiant and proud with the light of her true woman's love and devotion to him she told herself it was her duty to obey.

That night mother and daughter, clasped in each other's arms, knelt and prayed, the one for strength to carry out her duty, and restore Robert Hallam to his place in the world of men; the other for power to love the father whom she had crossed the great ocean to gain — the man who had seemed to be so little like the father of her dreams.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE PRESENT STATE OF RESEARCH IN EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

IF the present position of inquiry in the field of early Church history is to be understood, we must start with the science as it was thirty years ago. The Tübingen school, led by a great master, had examined with rare industry the Christian literature of the first two centuries, and believed that it had found a key which unlocked every problem. "Jewish Christianity," "Gentile Christianity" — these were the magic words which sufficed to explain the development of the Church up to the time of Irenæus. It was an im-

manent process, which, beginning with the appearance and preaching of Jesus Christ, branched into two opposite tendencies, the Petrine and the Pauline, and advanced through a cycle of antitheses and syntheses till it culminated in the Catholic Church. An echo of the assured conviction, that all problems are now solved, may be heard in the words uttered eleven years ago by a famous critic, that theology could now describe the rise of the ancient Catholic Church as clearly or distinctly as the growth of a plant. He who did not believe in the picture as Baur had painted it was almost sure to be written down as an "apologist," a man who attempted to hinder the progress of science. Many may still retain a lively recollection of those days, when in historical theology the words "Jewish Christianity," "Gentile Christianity," buzzed forever about our ears, and beside them the philosophical notions of "consciousness," "image," "idea," and "reality." "It is the fate of the idea in positing itself to posit itself in an infinitely manifold way," so Schelling and Hegel had said, and so the ideas "posited themselves" in primitive Christianity, though in a manner less manifold than monotonous, till they posited themselves to rest in Catholicism.

I am far from disparaging the historical importance which belongs to the Tübingen school. Everything has been said which need be said, and the highest praise has been accorded, when we confess that the main problem, the rise of Catholicism, was first rightly defined by this school as problem, that it was the first to attempt to draw with frank openness and tenacious energy a picture, which was *possible*, of the period in question, and that, following the only true method, it discovered as at once the clearest and the surest point with which all inquiry must begin — Paul and Paulinism. But the *possible* picture which it sketched was not the *real*, and the key with which it attempted to solve *all* problems did not suffice even for the most simple. It is not my purpose to show how far the views of the Tübingen school with respect to the Apostolic age were just, and how far they are still valid. They have indeed been compelled to undergo very large modifications. But as regards the development of the Church in the second century, it may safely be said that the hypotheses of the Tübingen school have proved themselves everywhere inadequate, nay, erroneous, and are to-day held only by a very few scholars. Indeed, the critic who eleven years ago

used the simile of the plant, confesses to-day that "science grows daily more chary of assertions touching early Christianity, and grows more so in the very proportion that she becomes richer in historical points of view."

"Richer in historical points of view" — in this gain, above all, is the advance beyond the Tübingen school founded. This will at once appear if we simply indicate the chief matters through knowledge of which this advance has been made.

I. The Tübingen school saw in Judaism, so far as it had significance for the earliest history of Christianity, but few differences of shade; they fondly emphasized its rigid monotheism and strict legalism, attending, in addition, only to the philosophical Judaism of Philo. But now we know that Judaism in the age of Christ and his Apostles was a richly composed and multiform picture; that it had many and very varied differences in its shades, which have become highly important for the history of the development of primitive Christianity. The Judaism of the dispersion, in distinction from the Palestinian, claims to-day our particular attention, and we know that it was in many ways both the prelude to Christianity and the bridge leading over to it.

II. The Tübingen school identified the standpoint of the original Apostles with that of the rigidly legal and exclusive Jewish Christians. But now the great majority of critics are agreed on this point: to distinguish beside the Pauline two other standpoints — the Pharisaic Judæo-Christian, which was the more exclusive, and that of the "Pillar Apostles," which was freer, and conceded in principle the gospel of Paul.

III. The Tübingen school identified Paulinism with Gentile Christianity. Now, however, we know — and this knowledge is of the highest importance — that Paulinism was a Judæo-Christian doctrine, really intelligible only to Jewish Christians, while the Gentile Christianity of the first and second centuries was an altogether original and independent view of the gospel, which agreed with the Pauline theology only in holding to the universalism of the salvation brought by Christ.

IV. The Tübingen school resolved all the antagonisms which are found in the Church of the second century back into the one great antithesis between Jewish and Gentile Christianity. But to-day it is recognized that Jewish Christianity was in the second century no more a factor in

the development of the Church; that rather on the soil of Gentile Christianity quite new antitheses took form, and new questions, which had absolutely nothing to do with the problems at issue between Paul and the exclusive Jewish Christians, came to be discussed. The Tübingen school, in fact, did not acknowledge that a new element streamed into the Church after the controversies between Paul and the Judaizers; it meant from these controversies rather to explain all that followed. To-day, on the contrary, we have come to see that even in the first century there streamed in a potent new element, the Greek spirit, the spirit of the ancient world.

V. The Tübingen school had, properly speaking, an eye for the history of the development of the Church so far as it was registered in images, conceptions, and dogmatic statements. Everything led finally to these, even the forms of worship and of polity. But to-day we have more truly learned that the Christian religion was, above everything, a new life and a new form of human society. New life creates new opinions; not only do new opinions create new life. Much more attention is therefore now directed to the social life, the public worship, the morality and the discipline of the early Christians, than was ever the case with the Tübingen school.

VI. The first question of the Tübingen school, in criticising the writings of the New Testament, was always, "Genuine or counterfeit?" The first question which we now put is, whether these canonical books have been transmitted to us pure and without additions, — *i.e.*, whether they have not received, perhaps on their canonization, those superscriptions, author's name, etc., which we now read there. We know that the canonization of books, in and for itself, obscures their origin and true meaning; and we must therefore always ask, whether the obscurity has not been helped by outer causes. Only after this question is answered may we propose the other, "Genuine or counterfeit?" Many books which critics used to regard as forgeries, are no forgeries, but are only documents which have come to us falsely labelled.

If these points of difference be considered, it will be found that they all result from the fact that we are "richer in historical points of view." But to grow richer is to grow more cautious. So long as only a simple and meagre theory was employed, it was deemed permissible to cut out and

ascribe to a later period all that could not be comprehended under the theory. But to have perceived the vast variety of the contemporaneous phenomena, is to have been taught caution. The immediate result of this was to restore with tolerable unanimity to the first century a series of writings for which before no place could be found there. Thus most critics now regard as genuine the Epistle to the Philipians and the two Epistles to the Thessalonians.

But why have we become so much "richer in historical points of view"? Three main causes may be specified. First, the emancipation of the science of history from the thralldom of the philosophical systems. After the complete dearth of ideas which characterized rationalism, the age of romanticism and philosophy was indeed a wholesome reaction; but it was still only a reaction, and as such it brought with it new limitations, which have been gradually overcome. We have become more realistic, and a historical temper has been formed. We have become more elastic, and have acquired the power to transplant ourselves into other times. Great historians — men like Ranke — have taught us this. The second cause has been the union of ecclesiastical history with general history, the recognition that only by accurate knowledge of the soil on which the Church has grown can this growth be rightly understood. Every period and every people has only one history; the history of religion and of the Church is only a section of this one history, and only from the standpoint of the whole can the section be understood. Here let me mention a Church historian whose very great merits have not yet been sufficiently recognized — I mean Richard Rothe. It was Rothe, who in his lectures on Church history, showed that the rise and development of the ancient Catholic Church remains unintelligible unless studied throughout in relation to the ancient world; for he says: "The ancient world built up the Catholic Church on the foundation of the gospel, but in doing so it built itself bankrupt." What a store of historical knowledge is packed into that sentence! Only if it be carefully applied in all the branches of early Church history, will this history be really understood. Along with Rothe let me mention another great scholar, whose "*Vie de Jésus*" has made his name no sweet sound — Renan. But let us not judge the six later volumes of his "*Histoire des Origines du Christianisme*" by

his "Vie de Jésus." They contain quite as much solid research as broad and comprehensive views of history. When we compare this work with Baur's "Church History of the First Three Centuries," or with the first volume of Neander's "Church History," we are astonished at the progress which history has made by taking the living as alive, and by studying the soil upon which the tree of the Catholic Church grew. Beside Rothe and Renan stands a band of scholars who have, by bringing their chosen questions in ancient ecclesiastical into connection with universal history, promoted in a remarkable way special branches of inquiry. I may name Von Engelhardt, Hatch, Heinrich, Overbeck, and De Rossi.

The third cause is the new discoveries which have enriched historical knowledge. We can say with gladness: in the region of ancient Church history we live once more in an age of discovery. That these discoveries have come to us more by accident than by well-directed search, awakens the hope that systematic research may have still happier results. When it has been possible to discover, only a few years ago, not perchance in Turkey or Africa, but in Italy, a hitherto unknown beautiful codex of the Gospels, the *Purpureus*, dating from the sixth century; when Dr. von Gebhardt alone has within three years been able to find in Germany, France, and Italy, more than a dozen manuscripts, previously unknown, of *Hermas*, we may surely expect to be enriched by still undreamed-of treasures. The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Alas! it were not hard to reckon the number of theologians able to seek after literary treasures, and appraise treasures already discovered. Here is a splendid opening for service.

The discoveries made in recent years in the field of early Church history may be divided into four groups.

I. First, in the case of several very important works, which have hitherto reached us in partly corrupt and partly defective forms, we have obtained new and better manuscripts. This applies not only to the New Testament, and there notably to the discovery of the *Sinaitic MS.*, but also to patristic literature. We read to-day the Epistle of Barnabas, the Pastor of *Hermas*, and other important documents, in far better manuscripts than existed thirty years ago. Our knowledge has thus become more certain, and often the new manuscripts have solved hard problems which owed their very exist-

ence to the old defective texts. Only the other day news came of a remarkable discovery—the fragment of a Gospel written on a piece of papyrus not larger than the half of an ordinary visiting-card. It was found in a bundle of more than a thousand very old papyri, brought from the Fayoum in Egypt, and now at Vienna. I cannot but agree with the editor, the Catholic scholar, Dr. Bickell, that in all probability we have here the fragment of a Gospel which has contained a more original text than even our Matthew and Mark.

II. Secondly, from critical examination of their sources, original works, which had been lost, have been recovered from the books into which they had been elaborated. These are real discoveries. Thus from the many late works against Gnosticism, the older and more important, which had perished, have with no little certainty been approximately restored. Thus *Krautsky*, some years before the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" had been discovered, reconstructed the first half of it from the seventh book of the *Apostolic Constitutions*, the so-called *Apostolic Church Order*, and the conclusion of the Epistle of *Barnabas*. Again, from a work belonging to the fifth century, hitherto judged insignificant, and accordingly overlooked, there has been recovered a fragment of the time of *Hadrian*,—a dialogue between a Jew and a Christian.

III. The third group of discoveries is described by the inscriptions found in the catacombs at Rome. Thanks to the untiring labor and genius of *De Rossi*, new Christian inscriptions are ever coming to light from the *débris* of ancient Rome; hitherto unknown catacombs are being discovered, and the already known are being more thoroughly explored. What these discoveries teach is certainly nothing (in the strict sense of the word) new, while accurate dating is almost impossible. But as the relics of departed friends are more dear to us than any mere notice of them, and as from the lines of the original manuscript the spirit of the writer rises more distinctly before us than from the varied figures of the printed copy, so these old stones, inscriptions, and paintings have for us a quite unique worth. While, for example, we may know well enough that to the ancient Christian the sure hope of resurrection was the most treasured good, yet this knowledge grows strangely vivid when we enter those subterranean cemeteries of the ancient saints, and with our own eyes see how here

everything breathes peace and joy, and how the certain hope of a glorious awakening rules over all. And, besides, many a detail emerges which enriches or confirms our historical knowledge; thus the uncovering of the vault of the old Roman bishops has proved highly important, and the discovery of the catacomb of Domitilla has shown that at the end of the first century there were not only Christians among the servants of the emperor in the Palatine palace — of such Paul had already spoken — but that Christianity had actually penetrated into the imperial family of the Flavii.

IV. But even the third group of discoveries is thrown into the background by the fourth and last group which I have to mention — viz., the discovery of entirely new, hitherto unknown, primitive Christian writings. Leaving on one side the less important of these, like the new Acts of the Martyrs of the second century — which, however, are not to be despised — I would specify four great discoveries of recent years: 1. The complete Epistles of Clement; 2. A large fragment of the lost Apology of Aristides; 3. The Diatessaron of Tatian; 4. The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."

1. The first and fourth of these have been discovered at Constantinople by the learned metropolitan, Bryennios, in a manuscript of the year 1056. He published the Epistles of Clement in 1875, and the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" eight years later. Both discoveries were of the highest importance. The Epistles of Clement we had possessed only in a mutilated form; the first wanted the conclusion, and the second — which, moreover (as we now see), is no epistle, but a sermon — had only the earlier half. The first Epistle of Clement is a unique monument. It is a comprehensive official letter of the year 96 from the Roman to the Corinthian Church, and is therefore older than the Gospel of John. It has ever been justly valued as the most important document of the sub-Apostolic period. No one had dared to hope that we should some day yet obtain a complete copy. The conclusion now given to us has made important additions to our knowledge. I will mention only two. The epistle concludes with a long and beautiful prayer, which, were I to insert it, would in some parts appear to many as an old acquaintance. It is the prayer of the Roman Church freely handled; the prayer which is re-echoed, though naturally much changed, in the prayer of the Church of

the fourth and of the fourteenth century — nay, even in our Protestant Church prayers of to-day. This observation confirms in a striking way a conjecture, which we could hold before only with some uncertainty, that a portion of the prayers which we find in the liturgies of the Catholic Church of the third and fourth centuries, is very old, and that in general the groundwork of the Catholic liturgy must have arisen in very early times. But now as to the other point where this new discovery affords fresh insight. The Roman Church speaks at the conclusion of this epistle in a language which shows that she had consciously recognized the law and government of God, and that she had also perceived the peculiar and responsible vocation given to her by her position in the world's metropolis. She speaks in this epistle to the Corinthian Church as a thoughtful, faithful mother to a thoughtless daughter, who has erred: "Joy and rejoicing will be put in our hearts if ye will hearken to what we have written through the Holy Ghost;" "We have sent men who will be witnesses betwixt you and us;" "Our whole care both was and is that ye should right soon have peace again." Thus did the Roman Church speak already in the year 96 A. D.: *not* (be it noted) the Roman bishop, but the Roman Church. Of a bishop there is no mention, nor of any external legal right to use such language. Rather the right, so to speak, lay entirely in the Roman Church being at the time stable, while the Corinthian Church, by the disorder which reigned in its midst, showed itself wanting in stability. What a glance then does this epistle afford into the first foundations on which the later claim of the Roman bishop was to be built! Neither Peter nor Peter's successors are here named, nor any person or office. That this Church was the Church of the world's metropolis, that she naturally held in her hand the threads of ecclesiastical interchange and intercourse, that she exercised her vocation with scrupulous fidelity — in these things her historical greatness lies founded. She was, under such conditions, by the very nature of the case, *prima inter pares* in Christendom long before any monarchical episcopate existed in the Church, and long before any one called Peter the first bishop of Rome. The Roman bishop but inherited the universal office which the Roman Church had much earlier possessed — possessed in consequence of her situation and the rigorous conscience with which she discerned the

duties it implied. The knowledge, which indeed might have previously been attained, has now been confirmed by this new discovery. At the basis of the pretensions of the pope of Rome lie not only historical fictions, frauds, and usurpations, but, underneath all, the strength and energy with which the old Roman Church—that Church of which even Paul could boast that her faith was spoken of in all the world—labored for the whole of Christendom. But such a service confers no jurisdiction and no sovereignty, least of all upon a single individual.

Hardly less important is the so-called Second Epistle of Clement, of the probable date 140 A.D., the earliest Christian sermon which we possess complete. Indeed, the clear knowledge which we here obtain that even then sermons were read, I will not particularly emphasize,—for the preacher frequently so expresses himself as to let us see that he really *read* his sermon; but here is the important point: we see from this sermon how quickly the profound thoughts of Paul had become unintelligible and forgotten. This preacher is a moralist, whose system is the perfect fulfilling of the commands of God and of the eternal Son, whom we ought to hold as God. Christianity appears more as law and less as gift; it is legislation rather than grace. He who has received the seal of baptism has no more forgiveness of his sin to expect. He must of his own strength fulfil the commands of God, or he loses his salvation. What a gulf between the New Testament and this sermon! By “the commands of God,” the law of Moses is not to be understood—were it so, we should hold the writer to have been a Jewish Christian; but rather what we to-day name pure morality. Christianity appears, according to this preacher, as the rational worship of God and as the highest morality; Jesus Christ as the divine teacher who has brought the absolutely true knowledge, taught pure conduct and obedience, and revealed eternal life. Because he has done this, and will come again as judge, men are bound to think of him as they think of God.

2. Still more distinctly does this transformation of the gospel into a monotheistic moral system appear in the newly discovered fragment of the Apology of Aristides. Eusebius relates how, even before Justin Martyr, two Christians wearing the philosopher's cloak had come forward as apologists and had presented to the emperor Hadrian, while he was at

Athens in the year 124 A.D., their written defences of Christianity. Until lately these works were held as lost; but now a large fragment of the Apology of Aristides has been discovered. In it Christianity is exhibited as the sublimest and the most absolutely certain philosophy; what the apologist explains as Christianity differs, as regards its material principle, in no way essentially from the idealist philosophy of the later Platonists and Stoics, but it differs very essentially as regards its formal principle; for the apologist deduces the whole system he propounds, not from human phantasy, but from the rational contemplation of the universe and of man, and to this contemplation the incarnate Son of God, the only teacher, alone leads. The chief points in the history of Jesus, as they are arranged in the Creed, have by the apologist already been enumerated—the miraculous birth, the death of the cross, the resurrection, and the ascension; to which are added the election and mission of the twelve Apostles.

3. This brings us to the Gospels. Here the discovery of the Diatessaron of Tatian has furnished new material. We know from Eusebius and other ancient writers that a scholar of Justin Martyr, the apologist and sectary Tatian, had composed soon after the middle of the second century, a harmony of the Gospels; but as we no longer possessed this work, we could not definitely determine what Gospels Tatian had harmonized. That there must have been four Gospels was certain, for the title distinctly said, *τὸ εὐαγγέλιον διὰ τεσσάρων*. But beyond this we had to betake ourselves to conjecture. The majority of critics declared it to be entirely improbable that the four Gospels were those which the apologist had harmonized; especially did they refuse to allow that the Gospel of John had been among the number. But some years ago Mössinger published his very accurate Latin translation from the Armenian of a commentary on the Gospel, written in the fourth century by Ephraim. The text which had here been used by Ephraim disclosed at the first glance the features of a Gospel harmony, the designed co-ordination of no other than our four canonical Gospels, inclusive of the Johannine. Fuller investigation showed that the editor, Mössinger, was perfectly right in identifying this harmony of the Gospels with the lost Diatessaron of Tatian. No one to-day, so far as my knowledge extends, doubts the correctness of this conclusion. The

evidence is therefore now in court, that in the age and Church of Tatian the Gospel of John held a position of entire equality with the three other Gospels. It is the oldest witness which we possess for the public use by the Church of the fourth Gospel. But it is not only in this that the high value of the discovery consists; it is also of even greater importance for the history of the canon and the text. It is of course manifest that Tatian allowed our four Gospels—and only these—to be authentic; but he has dealt with the texts still very freely and independently. He has omitted some portions, has abridged or slightly elaborated others. Such a treatment were inconceivable had he and the Church of his day already known any dogma of the verbal inspiration of the text. We learn from his work, which he had intended for use in public worship, and which indeed remained in use in some of the churches of Syria beyond the end of the fourth century, that the four Gospels were then read in public worship, but that they were not yet held to be sacred Scriptures in the same sense as the Old Testament or the apocalyptic books. But we learn still more. We see very clearly from the Diatessaron not only that Tatian allowed himself to make alterations in the text of our canonical Gospels, but also that the text of the same suffered after the middle of the second century some slight elaborations. This of course has been contested by some scholars, but to others it appears justly to be evident. The most important example is the following. In that celebrated text (Matt. xvi. 18) to which the Church of Rome so loves to appeal, the Diatessaron of Tatian says nothing about the Church which is built upon Peter; rather it simply says, "Thou art Peter, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against thee"—*i.e.*, "thou wilt not forever fall before temptation." Now, there is no reason to be found why, if this passage had come to Tatian in the form in which we have it, he should have altered it. On the other hand, everything favors the supposition that the designation of Peter as the rock of the Church belongs to a later edition of Matthew's Gospel. Nor need this in any way surprise us, for it is indeed quite evident that in our canonical Gospels, as we read them to-day, not a few of the sayings of our Lord have been preserved for us in varied forms in older and more recent recensions.

4. I come now to the last and perhaps the most important discovery of recent

years—the tractate known as the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles." Well might its discovery excite a deep interest through all the Churches of Christendom. Already in connection with it more than a hundred books and treatises have appeared in all the languages of the civilized world, and the flood still rises. It has already become quite a monument of exegetical and historical subtlety, and the more the unskilled have engaged in criticism of it, the wider have the differences grown. There are, in sooth, even some scholars who have taken up the pen with the intent to prove that the work is older than the oldest Pauline epistles, while others place it at the end of the second century; nay, a Scotch scholar has maintained that it belongs to the Byzantine period! Some hold it to be Judæo-Christian, others Montanist; others again regard it as altogether heretical. But as regards these main questions there is happily no need to say, "*Adhuc sub judice lis est*," but we may appeal "*a doctore male informato ad doctorem melius informandum*." We may hold as critically valid the following: In the Church of Alexandria, from the close of the second century, there stood, as we know from Clemens Alexandrinus, Eusebius, and Athanasius, at the end of the New Testament, a booklet entitled "Teaching of the Apostles." This booklet, of a size equal to the Epistle to the Galatians, has lately been discovered by Bryennios. It belongs to the first half of the second century, and was intended by its author to be a brief compendium of the Christian religion. He called it "Teaching of the Lord delivered by the Twelve Apostles," because he was convinced (and we may say sincerely) that he wrote down only such things as really comprised the essence of Christianity touching doctrine, worship, and church order. The work being so designed, is remarkably instructive. Belief and life appear in this book, not as divorced, but in closest and most perfect union—nay, dogma has in this "doctrine" no department specifically its own, but finds its place in prayers. Christianity is to the author a holy rule of life, which Christians as a constituted society follow, and which is based upon the belief in God and Christ. The author begins with the moral law; in his further exposition, under the figures of the way of life and the way of death, he expounds the Christian system of ethics, following both the sayings of our Lord and the teaching of the Old Testament. When he has concluded his exposition, he says these doc-

trines ought to be enjoined on every candidate for baptism, but he does not speak of any formulated confession of faith or any similar thing. He next proceeds to deal with the ordinances and acts of the Church — viz., baptism, fasts, prayer, and the Lord's Supper. In speaking of baptism he gives the baptismal formula in the words of Matthew, laying apparently upon it the chief stress; and then he goes on to declare that we ought to baptize in running water, but he adds expressly that if enough water be not at hand, sprinkling in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is sufficient. We have here for the first time obtained evidence that even the earliest Christians had, under certain conditions, recourse to baptism by sprinkling — a very important point, since it shows that the scruples about baptisms in this manner were only of late origin in the Catholic Church. In speaking of fasting the author names Wednesdays and Fridays as special days for its observance, and he gives further the definite rule, that the Lord's Prayer is to be repeated three times daily. He gives the Lord's Prayer *in extenso*, and adds the Doxology. This is the oldest witness for the Doxology which we possess. We learn now for the first time that it was the custom of the Christians in the second century to repeat thrice a day the Lord's Prayer. The writer next passes to the Lord's Supper; he has not given any rules concerning the ritual, but rather has simply transcribed the prayers which the churches were wont to use at its celebration; it is to him an actual meal, for he says, "After ye have taken your fill, then give thanks;" and then follows a thanksgiving for the holy meal that has been enjoyed. It is as follows:—

We thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for Thy holy name, in that Thou hast made Thy abode in our hearts, and for the knowledge, the faith, and the immortality which thou hast made known to us through Thy servant Jesus. Thine be the honor for ever and ever! O Almighty Ruler! Thou hast made all things for Thy name's sake: food and drink hast Thou given unto men for their enjoyment, that they may give Thee thanks; but to us Thou hast graciously dispensed spiritual food and drink and eternal life through Thy servant. Above all, we thank Thee, for that Thou art mighty. Thine be the honor for ever and ever! Remember, Lord, Thy Church, to deliver her from all evil, and to perfect her in Thy love; gather her together from the four winds; lead Thy holy one into Thy kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for her: for Thine is the power and the honor for

ever and ever! May thy grace come, and may this world pass away. Hosanna to the God of David! Whosoever is holy, let him come hither; whosoever is unholy, let him repent. Maranatha! Amen.

How rich, how strong, is this prayer of these early Christians! If this discovery had given us only this and the prayers in chapter ix., we could not but have been most thankful; for, among other things, these prayers show us that the earliest Christians had even in the Lord's Supper given expression to their longing for the second coming of the Lord. But our new discovery has brought us still more; the second half of the work (chaps. xi. — xv.) forms a source of knowledge for Church history of the highest value. It contains regulations concerning the organization of the churches, the intercourse between the different churches, and the life in the churches; and these regulations are partly quite new to us, and partly supplementary of older accounts, which we had hitherto failed properly to appreciate, placing them now before us in an unexpected light. In particular, what the "Teaching of the Apostles" tells us, on the one hand, about apostles, prophets, and teachers, and on the other about bishops and deacons, is of the highest importance, and has now first placed us in a position to understand certain fragmentary hints in Paul and the Apostolic fathers. The origin of the episcopate has been made clearer by it, and the hypothesis, which indeed was long ago refuted, that the Apostles had ordained a bishop for every church as their successor, has now become quite impossible. Into these important questions I cannot here further enter; but in conclusion one point more may be vindicated — viz., that this "Teaching of the Apostles" touched upon what we call the labor question. How prudent is the judgment which it deduces from the standpoint of the gospel! There is nothing here of the visionary's horror of labor and impracticable enthusiasm. The duties of brotherly love and hospitality are enforced, but they are also conditioned with sure tact. In chapter xii. we read as follows:—

Let every one who cometh be received in the name of the Lord: but then ye shall prove him, and distinguish the true from the false: for ye must have prudence. If he who cometh be a wanderer, ye shall help him to the best of your power: but he shall not abide with you longer than two or three days, and that only if it be needful. But if he be willing to remain among you, inasmuch as he is a handi-

craftsman, then he shall labor and eat. But if he understandeth no handicraft, then take ye care, according to your discernment, that no Christian live among you as an idler. But if he willeth not so to order his life, then is he one who speculates with Christ for gain: keep yourselves far from such.

If the Church had carried these golden words in her heart, it would never have come to pass that beggars should be held a privileged class, as so soon happened in the Catholic Church. The "Teaching of the Apostles" breathes throughout brotherly love, order, firmest trust in God, and holy living. We may count up how often its author has used the name of Jesus, but we shall not find that a Church which lives according to the principles of his doctrine, is unworthy of the name of Christ.

After this survey of the discoveries of the last few years let us return to the point from which we started. I quoted above a sentence of Rothe, to which we may again refer: "The ancient world built up the Catholic Church on the foundation of the gospel, but in doing so it built itself bankrupt." This sentence, whose bearings Rothe himself had not fully perceived, is in fact the egg of Columbus. For long had it been customary to remark upon the great distance which divided the Apostolic literature from Jewish Christianity on the one hand, and on the other from post-Apostolic writings, no matter how different these were in relation to each other. Heinrich Thiersch has consequently supposed that at the end of the first century the Church, after a sort, fell, like our first parents. The Tübingen school sought so to explain the difference between the Apostolic and post-Apostolic literatures as to see in the latter the product of a compromise. It spoke of a modified Jewish Christianity and of a modified Paulinism; from these modifications, and from the consequent softening of the sharpness of the early antitheses, it believed that it was able to explain the varied riches of the later formations, as concerned not only doctrine, but also the constitution, discipline, and cultus of the Church. Where, for example, it found in the Apostolic fathers and apologists an ethical mode of thought—Christianity conceived as the new law—it assumed the working of Jewish Christianity, which had given up merely circumcision and the ceremonial law; where it detected the formation of a fixed order of worship—elders, priests, and so forth—there, it thought, could not but be seen

the continued influence of the synagogue shaping the growth of the early Catholic Church: conversely, where it found the universalism of the Gospel impressed on these fathers, but without the Pauline basis of justification by grace only, there it believed that a modified, and as it were bisected Paulinism, must be recognized. Nay, more, in movements as late as the Montanistic it tried to see the operation of Jewish Christianity, and, conversely, in Gnosticism, a perverted form of Paulinism. But this conception could be upheld only by doing violence to the facts, and reading into them a foreign meaning. About thirty years ago a reaction set in, led by the work of Albrecht Ritschl, "*Die Entstehung der altkatholischen Kirche*." In this work there are four determinative principles, which have since been clearly formulated, and have found acceptance, if not with all, yet with the majority of independent critics. These principles are as follows:—

1. The divergence of the Christianity of the sub-Apostolic from the Christianity of the Apostolic age, is to be explained by the fact that the Gentile Christians either did not know or did not understand the Old Testament principles which the Jewish Christians possessed.

2. The Gentile Christians brought into Christianity the religious interests, hopes, and aspirations, which animated them, and could accept at first only some of the fundamental ideas of that gospel which rested on the Old Testament—those, viz., which they had to receive necessarily before all others—the belief in one God, the duty of holy living, the redemption from death through Jesus Christ the Son of God, the judgment, and the resurrection.

3. Where, then, we find among the Gentile Christians any peculiarities in doctrine, cultus, constitution, etc.—and such peculiarities occur from the very first—we must not, in order to their explanation, there draw in the Pauline theology, still less that of the strict Jewish Christianity, but are to consider as factors—(a) certain fundamental thoughts in the gospel, (b) the letter of the certainly not understood Old Testament, which the Gentile Christians treasured as a collection of divine oracles, and (c) the state and constitution of the Græco-Roman world at the time of the first preaching of the gospel.

4. The resultant, the Catholicism which has in the third century become fully formed, is therefore not to be understood

either through Paulinism or through Jewish Christianity, or apprehended as a compromise between the two; but *the Catholic Church is rather that form of Christianity in which every element of the ancient world has been successively assimilated, which Christianity could in any way take up into itself without utterly losing itself in the world.*

If these principles are accepted, it follows that the problems which Church history proposes for inquiry are changed at one stroke; for it now becomes no longer possible, in the manner of the old historical schools, to limit ourselves to the written sources of the Christian religion. The historian must rather make his horizon wider, and get a view of the general history of the civilization, morals, and political organization of his period. He must study the earliest sub-Apostolic writings with a view to seeing whether already, in their deviations from the oldest Palestinian tradition of the Gospels, traces of that spirit of the ancient world, which we call Catholicism, are not to be found. It is remarkable that the earliest Protestant Church historians, Flacius and Gottfried Arnold, had a forecast of how the question really stood; they both, for example, called attention to the fact that the peculiar Christianity of Justin Martyr, in his deviation from Paul and Judæo-Christianity, is to be understood from his heathen antecedents; and both saw in the constitution which the Catholic Church elaborated for herself the effective action of the constitution of the Roman State; yet their conclusions on those two points, because still unverified, remained without any effect. The task set in this field for our modern historical science is to apply these principles to the four great problems of pre-Nicene Church history—that is, to the problems which relate to its literature, cultus, constitution, and doctrine. *As concerns all these problems, it may be shown that the Catholic process of formation was nothing else than a building up of the ancient world on the ground of the gospel, and that in the heathen world old forms and thoughts died, just as they had been assimilated by Christianity.*

It is of course impossible in the space of an article to bring forward all the evidences in proof of this position; inquiry on this method has only just begun, yet good work has already been accomplished—as regards the history of the literature, by Overbeck; of the cultus, by Rothe and Theodore Harnack; of the constitu-

tion of the Church, by Rothe, Renan, and Hatch; of its doctrine, by M. von Engelhardt. But with reference to one problem, the history of the literature, a few remarks may be allowed. The history of Christian literature has been hitherto very unfruitfully treated, because it has been handled generally from the entirely inadequate point of view of the history of doctrine. There is perhaps no literature in the world which is still so little scientifically investigated as the patristic; and yet what high significance it has! It became, when it stepped into the place of the ancient heathen literature, like the maternal bosom for all the literatures of the Latin and Germanic peoples. But into the place of the ancient heathen literature it stepped only after it had appropriated all its forms and a portion of its spirit. Christian literature begins in the first century with quite peculiar forms, alien alike to the Greek and Roman; in particular it begins with the forms of the Apocalypse and the Gospel. But as early as the fourth century it has made use of all the literary forms known to the ancient world—the scientific treatise, the dialogue, the commentary, the philosophical system, the elegant oration, the panegyric, the historical essay, the chronicle, the romance, the novel, the hymn, the ode, the didactic poem, etc., etc. Here, then, is the great question for the history of early Christian literature, *How, in what order, and under what conditions did Christianity make itself the master of the old classical literary forms?* In answering this question historical science has to show that Christianity at first stood in a relation of very deep distrust to these forms, that the so-called Gnosticism did indeed in the conflict for the gospel lay hold upon them, but that the Church still declined this prize. There is further to be shown how the Church, gradually indeed and cautiously, turned to the literature which was alien to her, and passed from her own earliest forms (the Gospel, Apocalypse, the prophetic oracle) to the forms of profane literature. The most important precaution taken by the Church was the formation of the canon of the New Testament, which places before us a selection of the primitive Christian literature. After the canon had been formed, and raised as a sacred collection above all other writings, the Church could well concede entrance to the profane literature, so far as it did not contradict the canon. The profane or classical Church style began with the Apologies; to them

succeeded one style after another; and finally in the catechetical school of Alexandria almost all the forms of ancient literature were cultivated. The patristic literature is nothing else than the continuation of the ancient classical literature, but under the control of the two Testaments. The ancient heathen literature died out in the fourth and fifth centuries, so that at length nothing remained but the Catholic. But this, which had taken into itself every element in the ancient still retaining any vitality, had now fused into innermost union within itself the gospel and the spirit of Greek and Roman antiquity. Whatever the German people has received of spiritual good, the inheritance of antiquity and the inheritance of Christianity, they have received through the patristic literature. It appears at the first glance barren and without spirit; but when we think that it possessed spirit enough to found the mediæval literatures of all European peoples, we shall see that it must be due to our defective study and understanding if we find no spirit in it. Can there be a more important or interesting historical undertaking than to describe the development of Catholic literature, and to show how it gradually made all the forms of classical literature its own, how it thereby became rich and attractive, and how it has, like some creeping plant, so exhausted the heathen literature that the mighty tree it fed on could only die?

Precisely the same holds good of the cultus, the doctrine, and the organization of the Christian Church. Christianity has throughout sucked the marrow of the ancient world, and assimilated it; even dogma is nothing but the Christian faith nourished on ancient philosophy, and the whole of Catholicism is nothing else than the Christianity which has devoured the possessions of the Græco-Roman world. What an insight do we thus get into Catholicism! Whatever in the old world was still capable of life, noble and good, Christianity appropriated — of course with much that was bad and untrue — and placed all under the protection of the gospel. Out of this material she created for herself a body; thus did she preserve and save for the future whatever was worth saving from the culture and the ideas of the old world. To the young German peoples the Church came not only as the society of the preacher of Galilee, but also as the great impressive secular power which alone held sway over all the forces of civilization, literature, and law. It is

indeed nothing else than the universal Roman Empire itself, but in the most wonderful and beneficent metamorphosis, built upon the gospel as a kingdom of Jesus Christ; *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus triumphat*. The fittest and most suggestive criticism we can today pass on Catholicism is to conceive it as Christianity in the garb of the ancient world, covered with a mediæval overcoat; the pope is the Roman emperor, the archbishops and bishops are the old pro-consuls, the monks and priests are the Roman soldiery, the mass is the old Græco-Roman mystery cultus, the system of doctrine is the Greek philosophy; and so on. The strength and greatness of the gospel has consisted in this, that it could ever attract to itself and preserve everything worthy of life which the ages possessed. Just through this power of assimilation and expansion the gospel has established its right to be the universal religion, and has proved itself the most conservative of forces upon the face of the earth, because securing endurance to everything worthy to endure.

But surely this great enrichment could not take place without the more definite ideas in the gospel becoming diminished and changed. A pure embodiment of the gospel was, under such conditions, not possible. What is the Reformation but the work of God which was to set the Church free again from that bondage which had bound it to the ancient world fourteen hundred years? When Luther did away with the mass, and restored the service of God in spirit and in truth; when he overthrew the whole Roman building of the system of the Church; when he wished, in opposition to the scholastic theology, to establish the Christian society again on the pure word of God — all may be expressed in the single formula, *The Reformation is the return to the pure gospel*. Only what is sacred shall be held sacred; the traditions of men, though they be most fair and most worthy, must be taken for what they are — viz., the ordinances of man.

But in recognizing all this let us not, as many polemical Protestants have done, condemn the old Catholicism and the whole development of the Church up to the Reformation. Everything has its time, and every step in the history of the Church was needed. If it was possible in Christ's own sense to follow him within the pale of Judaism and its law, without anything being annulled, it was quite as certainly possible in this sense to live ac-

cording to the Gospel within that ancient Catholic Church. It was God's providence that so guided the development of the Roman Empire that it resulted in that wonderful covenant between Christianity and the ancient world which endured nearly fifteen hundred years. When it had done its work, when the time was accomplished, the covenant was dissolved, and it could be dissolved because the Church in her New Testament possessed Scriptures which have nothing to do with that covenant, because they are older than it. There lies the abiding value of the New Testament.

I have attempted to show the various points of view from which, in the field of early Church history, work may now be done. We now know what we want and what we ought to do. But I am far from thinking that we have accomplished much. No one can feel more than myself how much we still need to do—that we stand only at the beginning of the day, and laborers are few. But the greater the part the Church takes in the work, the more rapidly will it advance. Borne up and supported by the living interest of the brethren, protected and preserved from the mistrust and malevolence that walk in darkness, our wings shall wax strong for flight.

ADOLF HARNACK.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
COINCIDENCES??

THE "long, long Indian day" is quickly falling. The retreating sun is darting Parthian shafts over the dusty *maidan*; and the life and movement of the cantonment, which have been dammed up during the scorching hours, are again astir. Pulkahs have been stopped, and windows have been opened to admit the cool evening air. Smart soldiers, in spotless white uniform, are strolling from their barracks in search of fresh air, or perchance beer at the friendly canteen of a neighboring corps. Lawn tennis is in full swing in the club compound. The band has begun to play at the station band-stand, and the resident's barouche and the more modest "convainces" of humbler Anglo-Indian life are trundling dustily forth with pale-faced ladies, who are going to listen to its strains and enjoy the evening coolness.

I had only lately arrived in India, in command of a draft, and had not previously done duty with the regiment in its Eastern quarters, having been for some

years on the staff, though I had had, in earlier days of my soldiering, some experience of the country. I had paid most of the regulation visits, and felt that I might face the local society, without my conscience reproaching me with any social *lâches*; so as there was no counter-attraction, I thought I might as well spend the time before mess by following the carriages to the band-stand as in any other way.

As I sallied from my bungalow, in the coolest and lightest of garments, not unpardonably conscious that the said garments were fresh from the hands of a London artist, and therefore considerably superior to the kits of most of my brother officers, who had been obliged to supplement the ravages of the Indian climate and the Indian moth by the efforts of their *dirsees*, I hailed a brother captain, who was strolling aimlessly forth, and secured him as company, and to tell me who was who in the station fashionable circles. He was a good fellow, a peer's younger son, who, having passed a meteoric and somewhat expensive career in the Guards, had exchanged to a line regiment, and was expiating his London misdeeds by a few years in an Indian purgatory. He was a standing difficulty wherever he dined, or whatever entertainment he assisted at, as the Indian table of precedence became hopelessly confused over the honorable prefix to his name; and whether he should be told off to a leading lady, or take charge of an undeveloped spinster, or even make one of the unattached crowd of single men who bring up the rear of every Indian procession to the dinner-table, was always a puzzling problem to be solved. Among his brother officers his accidents of birth did not confer any additional dignity, and he usually answered to the name of "Button."

There was little variety in the gathering that met our eyes at the band-stand from similar assemblages that I remembered in days "lang syne." There was the resident's carriage, drawn by two goodish-looking Walers, with a fat Madrassee coachman in scarlet on the box, with his bare brown feet stuck out in front of him. The two scarlet-clad horse-keepers stood at the horses' heads, each armed with a *chowrie*, with which they lazily switched the flies which buzzed round their charges. Lady Winkle, the wife of Sir Rodolph Winkle, K.C.S.I., the resident, sat quite the "Burra Mem Sahib," in a dignified attitude inside, conscious of the *éclat* conferred by the escort

of two native sowars, who were formed up near, slouching in their ill-cleaned saddles, and still more conscious of the presence of the quiet-looking, grizzled old gentleman beside her, who was a member of the viceroy's Council on an official tour, and whom she hardly knew whether to treat as an equal in the Indian hierarchy, or to conciliate as one whose opinion might or might not be favorable to her husband's prospects. There was the colonel's phaeton, with two well-bred cobs, and with harness that showed a little more careful fitting and cleaning than mere native supervision could have given. T-carts, pony carriages, wagonettes, drawn by every variety of animal, Arabs, Walers, Burmans, and filled with the wives and families of the various secretaries, doctors, paymasters, etc., who made up our European station society. Then came the natives, in almost equal varieties. The fat Parsee, who kept the universal store for the cantonment, with his olive-colored wife and swarm of black-eyed, tawny children, with gold-embroidered caps surmounting their sharp, bright-looking faces, filled to overflowing the old victoria, which had been taken as part payment of a bill left by an ex-official, whose liver had finally succumbed, and who had been invalidated home last year. *Tongas, jutkas*, and bullock coaches were there in every stage of decrepitude, drawn by *tattoos* and bullocks, whose very existence should have, in most instances, provoked the interference of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Add to these the usual crowd of Europeans and natives on foot, with ayahs and babies innumerable, of all colors, white, brown, and black, some in perambulators, and some playing embarrassingly among the legs of the crowd, and we have the scene which presented itself.

I had written my name in the residency visitors' book, as in duty bound, and thought that this was a good opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of the great lady herself.

"Button," I said, "you know all the swells, introduce me to Mother Winkle." Thus disrespectfully, I regret, did the officers of H. M's regiment in garrison designate that noble person. Alas! poor worm that I was, how soon was I to be taught the real humility of my position! After we had made our way through the small crowd who were doing homage to the great lady, and Button, with his best bow, had said, "Allow me to introduce Captain Melville," I was treated to the

most disdainful of inclinations — one which marked my exact position in society — and while I retired to meditate on my littleness, her ladyship turned to renew her conversation with a more important person. But my moment of compensation was at hand. The member of Council suddenly turned round and said, "Did I hear the name of Captain Melville of the —th?" I modestly replied "Yes," and he went on, "I have just come out from England, and saw the prince before starting, and he told me to be sure to make your acquaintance, if possible, and to give his remembrances to his old friend."

I tried to look unconscious of the change that came over Lady Winkle's face as she overheard this short colloquy. She turned, and positively beamed on me, saying, —

"I had heard that you had arrived at the station, Captain Melville, and have been so anxious to make your acquaintance. Sir Rodolph and I will be so delighted if you can arrange to come and dine with us some night soon. Good gracious! what's that?"

That was the arrival on the scene of a dogcart with a tandem of ponies, driven by one of our subalterns, accompanied by another, which, after wending a devious course from barracks, had finally pulled up with the leader's forelegs in the Parsee's victoria, and the wheeler, with its ears back, showing every disposition to kick. By the exertions of the syces, however, and a liberal use of explanatory language from the ambitious driver, the complicated knot was untied, and order restored. The boys got out and joined in the chaffing crowd, which had collected to watch their approach. Among the ring of natives who had gathered round, my attention was much attracted by the appearance of a striking-looking old man, with fiercely twisted-up moustache, and long grey beard, who had pushed to the front, and seemed to take a marked interest in the scene. He looked like an old soldier, and his high features, tall stature, and muscular development spoke of a different race from the more peaceful-looking natives of the south by whom he was surrounded. I could not see that he carried any arms; but though he did not have quite the uniform disciplined air which marks the native army nowadays, he might have been a non-commissioned officer of irregulars, or rather one of the semi-drilled and organized levies of a native ruler.

The youngest of the boys who had come

in the tandem cart was one of the subalterns of my draft; a fresh, cheery youngster, the son of a very distinguished officer, who had been particularly commended to my care by his father, and who had been attached to my company accordingly. His father had been one of the heroes of the Mutiny, and had made a name for himself by his fearless gallantry in action, for the devotion of his native followers, and also in no small degree for the unsparing severity with which he had meted out justice to mutineers and rebels. He was equally well known in the army as "Mackinnon the brave," or as "the avenging colonel." As the subalterns walked about, I could not help remarking that the old native seemed to take particular notice of this boy, and followed him wherever he went. Sometimes it seemed that he got between him and the crowd, and even made a sort of half-turn backwards, as if to protect him from another follower. With each movement, his expression appeared to change. When he looked at young Mackinnon, nothing could have been more benevolent and kindly; and when he turned to look behind him, he threw back his head and glared, stern, haughty, and defiant.

I knew that it was hopeless to appeal to Lady Winkle or my friend Button for any information about a casual native, so I looked for some one more familiar with the frequenters of the bazaar. The station magistrate had just cantered up after his usual hard day's office work, and I asked him who was the old Pathan who was following young Mackinnon.

"Pathan! my dear fellow, I don't see any Pathan."

"There," I pointed. "Perhaps he is not a Pathan, but he does not belong to this part of India. That tall old man with the small red turban and long grey beard."

Again he looked, and again declared that he saw nobody in the least like my description. I thought this odd, but only concluded that the good magistrate's sight was beginning to go, and that he was too proud of his personal appearance to appear in public with spectacles on the eyes whose glance made local malefactors tremble before him. However, the band commenced "God save the Queen." The crowd began to disperse slowly. The subalterns got their tanden under way towards barracks with some difficulty. I lost sight of the old native, and Button and I started on our homeward stroll under the sunniest of smiles from Lady Winkle,

and repeated invitations to come and see her soon at the residency, and on no account to content myself in the future with writing my name in her visitors' book.

"Very odd how that native stuck to young Mackinnon," I said to Button.

"My dear Melville, you must have made some mistake. I heard you talking about an old man with a red turban, and saw where you pointed; but, for the life of me, I could see nobody but the usual lot of idle coolies."

"Button, you know nothing about it. I believe you would hardly know the difference between a coolie and a rajah."

The usual routine of garrison life went on for several days after this, and the season was so hot that little was done beyond the most ordinary duty, which indeed came round rather heavily on all the officers who were not on leave, as there had been a smartish outbreak of fever, which some attributed to infection brought by natives from the bazar, where there was always a certain amount of latent disease. Among others, the lad who used to drive Mackinnon about in the tandem cart was knocked over by a severe attack, and the doctors were doing all they could to patch him up sufficiently to move him to the hills and eventually to England. We were all getting rather hipped and low-spirited, and some excitement was much required to take our minds and conversation off the eternal subjects of the height of the thermometer and the doctor's daily report of the cases in hospital. It was much to our delight then that a message was received one day from Yussuf Ali, who commanded the irregular cavalry of the ruler of the native State near which we were serving, to say that a panther had been caught alive in a trap, which he would have enlarged on the maidan half an hour before sundown, and asking any of us who felt inclined for a ride to join in spearing it. Even those of us who could not command the services of a sufficiently trustworthy horse for such a risky sport, could at any rate look on; and those who had horses spent the rest of the afternoon in sharpening boar-spears and looking to the soundness of our saddlery. As the evening approached, the company began to gather on the maidan about a mile from barracks. The maidan, the scene of action, was a rolling plain, rather long than wide, as the cantonment of the native infantry bounded it on one side, while the other was fringed at a distance of a mile and a half by scrubby and rocky jungle. Its length stretched away for

miles ; and in the distance we could only dimly see, blue in the evening light, a range of rocky heights, with one white *musjid* standing out in bright relief. The grass was brown, scorched, and dry ; and, but that the dust did not rise in clouds, the appearance was that of a barren sandy plain.

Several ladies had come to look on, who were perched on elephants, out of harm's way. Lady Winkle was most imposing on a huge and steady animal belonging to the heavy battery. The sowar escort had been dispensed with ; but Sir Rodolph was there himself, with a gleam of excitement and enthusiasm in his eye, for he had been a fine rider and a bold shikarri, before accession of dignity and increasing years and waistband had made him withdraw from the delights of snaffle, spur, and spear, and devote his energies to administration alone. Lady Winkle was condescending enough to remember that her friendly interest had been aroused in me, and nearly fell out of the howdah in her anxiety to tell me how much she hoped I would get "first spear." As I was riding a commonplace old Waler, whose ideas of pace were most limited, I did not anticipate that I should be called upon to receive a crown of laurel or its Indian equivalent from her fair and pudgy hand.

Besides the ladies and some few other mounted Europeans onlookers, there was the usual mob of natives which is to be found at every show ; but these remained at a most respectful distance from the central spot, the black cart, on which was the huge wooden trap containing the panther.

There were six sportsmen who were going to join in the chase. Yussuf Ali himself, a lithe, light, active, and very handsome Mussulman, a magnificent horseman and perfect master of all weapons, a polished gentleman in his quiet courteous manners, and withal a brilliant and dashing soldier. Bad was it for him that he lived while the *pax Britannica* controlled India. If he had been born in the days of the old Mogul emperors, he was just the man to have carved his way to the rule of one of the great proconsulates of which so many turned into independent kingdoms. He rode a high-caste, flea-bitten grey Arab, whose lean head, iron legs, thin, well-set-on tail, and muscular shape, covered by a skin which showed the tracery of veins underneath, marked the purest blood of the desert.

Almost as well mounted was young Mackinnon, who well maintained the credit

of England in his firm and sporting seat and determined air. His rather ragged-looking Waler did not show the same quality as the grey Arab ; but it had won several races pretty easily ; and though his master carried a hog-spear for the first time, we all felt it was likely that the struggle for the honors of the day would be between him and the gallant Mussulman.

Next to him was Captain Johnson of the native infantry, one of the keenest sportsmen on our side of India, whose exploits in pursuit of great game were a constant topic of conversation and admiration. To him no kind of encounter with savage beasts could come amiss, and, under equal conditions, nobody present could have hoped to ride on more than equal terms with him. But he had only just returned from a distant sporting expedition, his own horses had not yet arrived, and he had been obliged to place his six feet two inches of bone and sinew on a friend's horse, which certainly could not carry him alongside the light weights. There remained to add to the field, Button, myself, and another of our officers, all three determined to be in at the death if possible ; but so moderately provided with horseflesh that we could hardly expect to be more than the reserve in the first attack.

The sun was rapidly sinking, and there was no time to waste ; so all the spectators fell back to about a hundred yards from the cart carrying the trap, which remained black and solitary in the middle of the plain. We took up our position in line in front of the crowd, and could then see that a long rope was fastened to the trap, by pulling which a bolt would be drawn, and the side furthest from us opened. One of Yussuf Ali's servants ran forward, at a signal from his master, pulled the rope, and as quickly bolted back behind the shelter of the spears. I had never seen a panther enlarged before, and had expected the animal to bound forth at once, the moment the way to liberty was open. Our friend did nothing of the kind, however. He had been for two days in the trap, and was probably rather stiff, and certainly cowed and sulky. At last, after several stones had been thrown at the trap, and had rattled on its wooden sides, we could just see a long, black-looking body gliding from the cart, and drawing itself sinuously along the ground. The native crowd set up a shout, and that and the familiar feeling of the ground beneath his feet made him quicken his pace. The light gleamed on his yellow sides, he

looked round him to see the safest direction in which to shape his course, and bounded towards the jungle. We instinctively drew our reins tighter, grasped our boar-spears firmer, pressed our legs to our horses' sides, and prepared for the gallop. The panther was half cantering, half bounding towards the friendly shelter which he had marked, and rapidly shaking off his stiffness and increasing his distance from us. We all turned to Yussuf, who was a perfect picture, as he sat with his spear held high in the air on his half-rearing horse, whose eye sparkled with the same excitement as his master's. The panther had got between three and four hundred yards' start, when Yussuf shouted "Ride!" We sat down to our work, and tore in pursuit.

As we expected, Mackinnon and Yussuf quickly shot ahead; but the stride of the Waler gave the latter the advantage, and besides, he was rather on the right, the side towards which the panther was bending, and had thus less ground to go over. Johnson was a bad third; but his cool and experienced eye had marked the panther's probable line, and his fine horsemanship enabled him to save every inch of ground, and would probably bring him up at the critical moment. The rest of us could only say that we had an excellent view of the chase, as we toiled in rear.

Mackinnon, with his spear ready for the thrust, was rapidly gaining on the panther, who looked over his shoulder and seemed to calculate whether he could cover the half-mile which lay between him and safety before the thundering hoofs behind him should be alongside. All at once he stopped in his gallop and crouched, almost facing his pursuer, with bristles erect and glaring eyes. The Waler's heart failed him when he found himself face to face with the defiant beast. The horse shied to one side, crossed his legs, and made a tremendous stumble on to his nose. Mackinnon, who had been leaning forward with poised spear, was thrown on to his horse's ears. The panther's spring was delivered, and I felt my heart sink. Suddenly—could I believe my eyes? I could have sworn that there was no one on the plain a moment before—there was a native at Mackinnon's horse's head, whose ready hand on the bridle had saved the Waler from falling. The panther's spring had missed in consequence, and the lad managed to regain his seat. Yussuf's ready spear passed through the spotted body as he shot past, and a minute afterwards Johnson gave the *coup de grace*.

The whole was momentary, and when I joined the group, the danger and excitement were over, and the panther lay in death before the snorting horses.

"Lucky for you, my boy," I said, "that that native saved your fall. You just escaped being badly clawed."

"What native do you mean, Melville?" Mackinnon replied. "This confounded brute gave an awful peck, just as I was going to take the spear, and it was all I could do to get him on his legs again."

"Well, I'll swear there was a native standing by at the time. I could just see a red turban over your horse's shoulder, though I could not distinguish his face."

"Anyway, he can't be far off, and he is sure to come and ask for backsheesh for his services. He deserves something for his pluck at any rate, in putting himself in our spotted friend's way." We looked round, but there was nobody. The shouting crowd of onlookers came up, and in the quickly closing night and the maze of turbans, red, blue, and white, that surrounded us, further search was impossible. I could not help feeling certain, however, that I was right, though both Yussuf and Johnson, who had been nearer to Mackinnon than I, assured me they saw nobody. The panther was padded on one of the elephants. Lady Winkle waved us a dignified adieu as she changed the rocking howdah for her easy-rolling carriage, to return to the residency. We lighted our cigars, and slowly rode homewards, the others discussing every incident of the novel sport, while I silently pondered over Mackinnon's escape, and tried to explain its circumstances satisfactorily to myself.

Again the dull and depressing routine of barrack life. We had got through the worst of the hot weather; but the brazen sun by day and the hot winds by night still made exertion wearisome, and sleep almost impossible. We looked eagerly forward to the return from leave of some lucky brother officers, who had been bracing themselves in the hills, when some of us, at least, would be able to quit the sweltering cantonment in our turn. The happy day came at last, and Button, Mackinnon, and I were told that we might be off for a month. We were all pretty well in spite of the long grilling we had gone through; and we decided that we wanted change of scene more than change of climate, and that we would spend our time in the fresher, if not much cooler air of the jungle, and carry out a long-projected campaign against some tigers that we had

heard of in a neighboring district. We had been in communication with shikarris for some time, in case such a chance should offer itself, so we had little to do but to start off our tents and servants, and arrange for relays of horses to carry us over the first sixty or seventy miles from the station, when we should find ourselves nearly at our shooting-ground, and continue the march with our camp, which we should then have overtaken.

Behold us at last in the saddle, at one o'clock in the morning, or rather in the middle of a starlight night. The moon has sunk below the horizon, but the Southern Cross has risen and illumines our way. The sentry on the main guard challenges as we pass, and gives his parting benediction, "Pass, friend, and all's well." We clatter through the bazaar, disturbing troops of pariah dogs fighting and growling over the filthiest offal, and push into the silent country. How weird and beautiful it all looks! The gnarled banyan-trees throw deep shadows here and there across the road, and everything that was burned and miserable-looking under the sunlight is covered with a mystic charm by the calm quiet night. On and still on we press, past native temples, whose ghastly images look still more ghastly than by day and glare stonily. Through small hamlets, nearly riding over the inhabitants, who are wooing the cool air, and are lying asleep in the roadway, wrapped in their white cloths. Past the Tapal runner, with letter-bag on his back, jogging along the road to the distant town. His tinkling bell is the only sound that breaks the silence, and we think of its old name, "the tiger's dinner-bell," and how often, on that very road, the post-runner had been missing, and a blood-stained letter-bag had been found, the only relic to mark where the man-eating scourge of the country-side had seized his prey. Past rocks and watercourses, over open cultivated country, and through jungle woodland, till we arrived under the grim shadow of an old fort perched on a rocky eminence, where we found our first relay of horses waiting, and felt that we had covered twenty miles of our journey. What a delicious and refreshing feeling it is to drop into a cool saddle and feel a fresh horse springing gaily under you, after the experience of the last five miles of a tired hack, keeping him on his legs on a rough road, and kicking him along to keep your time! Again we press on to gain our halting-place before the sun comes out in power once more, and we do not draw rein

till we arrive at the old hut, under the friendly shade of a *tope* of trees, where we intend to wait till night shades us on our onward way. Just six o'clock, and we have done forty miles—not bad going in the dark. We found our second relay of horses here, and oh, blessed sight! a small table with tea ready laid out. How good it was to sit and sip it under the leafy boughs! What would Indian way-faring be without these *topes* at intervals along the roads, which are as well known to travellers as the wayside inns in England? Where would the European official or sportsman pitch his camp? Where would the humble wayfarer halt during the broiling hours to cook his *chuppatti* and have his midday siesta? and where could a reasonably cool draught of water be found but in the well under those pleasant natural arches, impervious to the darts of even an Indian sun? We settled down to get through the day, and, indeed, had small difficulty in doing so. There were some old *charpoys* in the hut, and, kicking off our boots, we collapsed into sleep, which passed the hottest hours most satisfactorily. At sundown we again got under way, and by nine o'clock saw our camp gleaming white in the moonlight before us. Bath and a light supper were most welcome, and we turned in, thinking over the campaign which we were about to commence. The jungle air felt fresh, and the jungle wind comparatively cool; but every tent-door was opened wide, and curtains rolled up, to profit by it as much as we could. Closely tucked round with mosquito-net, I heard the insects of the night hurling themselves vainly against my couch, and chuckled drowsily at their discomfiture. Our followers lay round the camp-fire, and their snores rose in chorus with the slow chewing of the bullocks, the pawing of a restless horse at his picket-rope, and the unearthly shriek of the jackal prowling near.

The camp was astir with the first faint glimmer of dawn, and when we turned out among the already half-loaded baggage-carts, we found two shikarris squatted on the ground near our tents, waiting to give us their report on our chances of sport. Closely wrapped in their cloths to protect them from the morning air, these jungle sages were looking with contempt on the, to them, derogatory occupations of our domestic servants.

Our best hopes were realized when we were told that two tigers had been haunting a piece of jungle about seven miles distant, and that, if we would march on

that day to the neighborhood, they, the shikarris, would arrange to have buffaloes tied up during the following night round the likely haunts, and if one of this live bait was killed, we might hope to have a successful beat. Nothing could be more satisfactory, and our march was ordered accordingly. We moved off, a most imposing procession. Two elephants, lent by the ever-kindly minister of the native State, camels, horses, bullock-carts, and a most miscellaneous assortment of followers, from the consequential belted *peon* and the grim-looking shikarri, with his old matchlock on his shoulder, to the lowest tag-rag of water-carriers and sweepers, completed by the inevitable native women, who followed their husbands, carrying curiously wise-looking babies on their hips, and all their worldly possessions in a bundle on their heads. Sooth to say, the three European sahibs were not the most respectable-looking of the crowd. Unshaved faces, rusty-looking *shikar* clothes, enormous and hideous sun-hats, formed an *ensemble* which might be comfortable, but was neither dignified nor becoming.

We had at last plunged into real jungle life and scenery; the quaint and picturesque cavalcade moved through a landscape in which the brilliant red blossom of the honey-tree, the rich green of the palms, and the bright emerald of the occasional paddy-fields were a beautiful mixture of color in the tender morning light. The brick-colored land and distant blue rocky hills, with the clear sky, filled up the background.

We pitched our next camp near an old and once strong, but now deserted and ruined fortress. People in England, who only know of the historic strongholds, have little idea of the number of elaborately strengthened places which have been formed in India, and which, under the strong and peaceful sway of Britain, have now lost their *raison d'être*, and are forgotten in the jungles. The one in question was an example: two rocky and steep scarped hills about half a mile apart, connected by a bastioned line of walled fortification and a deep dry ditch; the hills four hundred to five hundred feet high, with several lines of fortification upon them, and a large walled keep crowning each. The native village nestled inside the fortifications at their feet. Some old guns lay, mouldering and grass-covered, on the ramparts, whose sole warders were the troops of monkeys which little feared a stranger, and only acknowl-

edged our presence by loud and general chattering.

Many were the lamentations over the destruction among the village herds which the *patel* poured into our ears when he came to pay his respects; and many were the hopes expressed that the noble sahibs would slay the two tigers which haunted the neighboring jungle, and relieve the district from the fear of their ravages. Our hopes of brilliant sport rose with each tale of woe, and we waited with eager anticipations for the shikarris' next morning's report of the result of their preparations.

The next morning came at last, and with it the welcome news that one of the buffaloes, which had been tied up near the tigers' haunts, had been killed during the night, and that the slayer had been marked down in a ravine about a mile and a half distant, whither he had carried his prey to gorge it at his leisure, and where he was probably now sleeping off the effects of his meal.

The beaters had been already summoned from the villages, and, headed by our friend the *patel*, they began to assemble at our camp, each group, as it came in, more motley and wild in appearance than the last. Our final preparations have been made, and we start for the scene of action. Our nondescript crowd follows — some, and they the proud ones, carrying rusty matchlocks, some with spears, some with sickles or knives tied to the ends of sticks. Tom-toms, horns, pipes, were not wanting, while the professional shikarris strove to keep order in the array, carrying bundles of native rockets, with the important air of lictors with their fasces.

A short walk, and we neared the ravine where the tiger had been marked down. It lay by a broken rocky hill or rather cluster of hills, with trees and brushwood on their sides and pieces of dense thicket in their hollows. At the distant side of the hills the ground sloped into a broken woodland, which stretched away for miles towards a blue range of high land in the horizon.

Our beaters were taken in charge by two shikarris, who were to dispose them so as to be ready to sweep the ravine and hills before them, while the guns stole quietly round the outskirts to the distant side where the game was likely to break. Then came the business of taking up our positions. We drew for station, and my lot fell on the right of the line. Mackinnon was on the left, and Button in the

centre, and we were to be placed about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards apart. I clambered into a tree with my gun-bearer, and took up a safe position, while Button and Mackinnon went on to be posted by the head shikarri. Then came the most trying time of the day's work—waiting for the beat to commence. A seat on a knotty branch of a tree is not a comfortable position, when perfect stillness is necessary, and every individual roughness on your perch seems to work its way more and more unpromisingly into your undefended person. The Deccan hot-weather sun blazes overhead, his beams reflected with almost original intensity from the glowing rock hard by; and the thin, half-withered foliage of the jungle-tree, which gives a good sweep for a rifle, is far from being a sufficient umbrella in point of shade. It is quaint and interesting, however, to watch the animal life in the jungle, when all is still, and its inhabitants are unconscious of observation. First, a magnificent peacock, scenting danger in the wind, comes bustling down the hill, making so much noise that I almost think he must be the tiger. He catches sight of me in the tree, and is horrified to find himself committed to so short a distance from a human stranger. He takes flight, and floats gracefully away, without a movement of his wings after two or three initial strokes. Then a mungoo rushes across the open, full of important business. He disappears into a heap of stones, and a minute or two later again shows himself, and returns to his original cairn. A rustle of leaves—a squirrel has changed his quarters, and moved his monotonous cry from one tree to another. Another rustle. This time it is a large lizard that has left, with a flop, the stone where he has been sunning himself, and has hustled to other quarters. Whir, whirl, whirl! tom, tom, tom! went suddenly the beaters' rattles and drums in the distance. The beat at last commenced. Wild shrieks and discordant yells, which might have represented every form of human agony, roused the echoes of the hills. Bang!—there a firework was thrown into a rocky cave. Stones were being rolled down the cliffs into unapproachable thickets, and every form of Hindoo objugation and reviling was being shouted, to induce the lurking game to move forward where the rifles are prepared to receive him. The jungle tenants were awakened in earnest. A gaunt hyæna trotted by, looking fearfully over his shoulder. An old bear,

with a couple of cubs, came rolling along, and passed within a few yards, complaining loudly at being disturbed. Suddenly a huge dusky form swung slowly through the bushes, about two hundred yards from me. I grasped my rifle tighter, reckless that the barrels felt almost red-hot in the sun. I thought he must come down a pass in the rocks within easy shot, and I felt certain that I could cover him, when a wretched native, who had been put in a tree some distance off as a lookout, with the strictest injunctions to silence, could not contain his excitement, and began holloaing and shouting at the top of his voice. Of course the tiger turned, and my chance was gone. He loomed as big as a bullock, a magnificent sight, as his striped side glowed red in the sunlight, while he passed to my left.

I waited for Button's rifle to speak, but heard nothing. There was almost silence for a minute, when I heard two shots in rapid succession coming from where I supposed Mackinnon to be. These were followed, after a pause, by two more. Another pause, and an English "Who-whoop!" rang through the jungle. The line of beaters came up, and told me that though one tiger had been killed, the other had sneaked off to one side and made his escape towards the distant hills. There was nothing more to wait for, and I made my way in the direction that the sound of shots came from. There lay the tiger, terrible still in death. Button had the complacent air of the man who has fired the lucky shot, while Mackinnon looked a little pale, and his gun-bearer was holding forth most volubly to the beaters who had arrived on the spot. As I appeared, Button with equal volubility commenced to give his account of the death.

"What a sharp thing that was of yours, old fellow, to send that shikarri to bring me to Mackinnon's post! I was sitting waiting for the tiger to show, when the nigger came and beckoned to me to follow him. I thought he must know all about it, so I slipped down from my tree and arrived just in time to see Mackinnon standing on that rock, and firing at the tiger within five-and-twenty yards. He must have hit the beggar, but not hard enough, for the brute was just going to spring, and I don't think Mac would have gone back to cantonments after it. I confess I felt a bit jumpy; but I took as quiet a shot as I could, and put an ounce of lead in the brute's brain and another in his throat, and turned him

over. Mac had a narrow squeak. No wonder he looks a bit shaky."

"Lucky indeed you were there, Button," I said; "though I never sent to move you. But how on earth were you mad enough to leave your tree, Mackinnon? You must have thought yourself a better shot than most of us, to choose to meet a tiger on foot."

"Well, you see, Melville, after I had been sitting in the tree for some time I found there were red ants in it, or rather they found me out, and began to bite so viciously that I could stand it no longer, so I thought I would make a run for it, and try to find another perch. Just as I had got on to this rock, the tiger came charging down, and my only chance was to fire. I hit once, I know, but only enough to make him put up his bristles. My gun-bearer had not followed me, and if Button had not come up at that moment, I should have been finished off long before now. I quite gave myself up."

"Well, it was a narrow shave. But, Button, show me the shikarri who moved you. He has deserved well of his country, at any rate."

"Oh, I couldn't mistake him—an old fellow with a grey beard and a red turban; seemed awfully keen and excited, but was sharp enough to make no noise."

I had seen all our shikarris in the morning, but did not remember one answering to the description. We got all our followers together, and there were certainly no absentees, as the danger was over, and they thought that perhaps pay-time had come. Even the fat patel arrived from the safe position which he had occupied far in rear of the fray, and added his *shabash* to the shouts of delight of the rest of the crowd.

Still, no one with a red turban. The shikarris swore that there was no *lal pug-gri wallah* amongst them. Who could it be, whose opportune interference had, in all probability, saved Mackinnon from a ghastly death? All declared that they had no hand in moving the sahib from his position. But Button stuck to his story, and said there could be no mistake.

"Do you think I would have been such a d—d fool as to come down to the ground, if I had not been moved by a man who seemed to know what he was about?"

Button's gun-bearer was looked for to see if he had recognized the mysterious messenger; but he was only now coming up in rear of the crowd, and frankly acknowledged that he had been in too great

a funk to quit the tree, when he thought a tiger was on foot. He had seen his master suddenly jump down, without apparent reason, and was astonished when he went away. All's well that ends well, and Mackinnon's and Button's gun-bearers escaped the licking which they no doubt anticipated for not being handy at the critical moment. Indeed, one could hardly blame the poor wretches for not plunging into the jaws of danger in the reckless and apparently purposeless way that their masters had done.

While our followers were employed in slinging the tiger on a stout bamboo, to carry him home in triumph, we ensconced ourselves in a cool adjacent cave, hailed the coolie with the luncheon-basket, and prepared to slake our thirst in well-earned goblets. I was puzzling over the tale of the unknown shikarri and his timely appearance, when Button paused in lifting his tumbler to his lips, and said, —

"Melville, I believe my red-turbaned friend is first cousin to the man you vowed you saw that day's panther-spearing."

Wild as the suggestion seemed, I could not help feeling there might be a connection between the two events. Both were, at any rate, mysterious, and to neither was there to me any satisfactory solution. I could only say, —

"My dear Button, you thought that day that I was dreaming. Perhaps you dream yourself sometimes."

No more was said, and we returned to our camp. The whole population of the village turned out to receive us—men, women, and children—all eager to see the dreaded monster, which had only been known to them as the stealthy and ruthless taker of black-mail from their herds, and which might at any time have made a *bonne bouche* of papa or mamma, or brother or sister. We felt very great and beneficent beings indeed, and promised ourselves many more moments of equal triumph before our leave was up. Alas! our hopes were soon rudely blighted. Behind the exulting and shouting crowd appeared a runner, who unrolled his turban, and produced a letter addressed to Captain Melville, with the ominous initials, O.H.M.S., on the envelope. To my disgust, it was from the adjutant.

"MY DEAR MELVILLE, — There has been an outbreak among some fanatics about one hundred and fifty miles from here, and the resident has applied for a company to be ready to be sent down to support the native police, who don't seem

to be worth much. We are ordered to furnish the company, and yours is the first for detachment. The colonel, therefore, desires that you will return to headquarters at once. A *dawk* of horses has been arranged for you. Sorry to spoil your sport.⁸

This was disgusting; and there was nothing for it but to obey, and bid farewell to our tented freedom and sport. Why could not those wretched fanatics have controlled their spirits till the drill season, when a little mild campaigning might have been a not unwelcome interlude in our usual series of battalion and brigade parades? The journey out to our shooting-ground had been fatiguing, but at any rate we had been buoyed up against weariness, and it had been made pleasant for us by the anticipation of the fun which we hoped to have; but the journey back, with the immediate prospect of an inglorious and rather distasteful duty, was very different. We got through it, however, and reported ourselves, to the intense delight of some of our friends, who had feared that the letter of recall might not reach us, and that they would have to go on coercion duty instead of us. Though we were held in readiness, the actual orders for our movement did not arrive till the second day after our return; but Mackinnon and I had our time fully occupied on the intervening day by parades and preparations.

Fortunately for us, there was a railway which could bring us within a few miles of the place where our services were required; and still more fortunately, we were only a small body of troops to be moved, so we were not crammed with regulation tightness into the train, but both officers and men had ample room, a matter of no small consideration towards the end of the hot weather. My company was formed up at the station about six o'clock in the evening, so that we might run the troop-train through and get into camp before morning. There they stood, in cool and easy *khaki* clothes, with great-coats rolled, haversacks over their shoulders, and their pouches bulging with ball-ammunition, while the active sergeants were telling off the parties to load the baggage in the vans, and allotting its proper complement of men to each compartment of the carriages. All looked serviceable and workmanlike; and though the men seemed at first sight a little drawn and black under the eyes from the effects of the long hot months, they were stalwart

seasoned soldiers, whose stamina was at its best.

In these days there is one great satisfaction to a soldier, and especially a regimental officer, in serving in India, that when any troops are required for service, everybody is trained, fit, and ready to go. There the army is on the war-footing always, and it is not necessary to break up a brigade to furnish a battalion, nor a battalion to furnish a company. Here are no batches of reserve men nor detachments of volunteers from distant garrisons turning up at the last minute, and breaking the hearts of officers and non-commissioned officers alike. Here is no confusion or uncertainty about the necessities for a campaign, and the transport which is to convey them. Everything is clearly by regulation laid down and known, and though it may and sometimes does happen that there is a local difficulty in providing what is required, the Indian departments so well know their work that that difficulty is always quickly overcome. Add to this that the soldier in India receives in peacetime systematic training in packing loads and arranging them for whatever transport animals are available — elephants, camels, mules, ponies, or bullocks — and it will be easily conceived how smoothly the military machine works, and how little friction or dislocation is caused by the sudden call to arms.

Mackinnon and I were the only two officers who went with the company, as the battalion was unfortunate in having some still on the sick-list. Button came to the station to see us off, and gave us his blessing, and, what was more to the purpose, put an ice-box with cooling drinks, and a luncheon-basket with dinner, into our carriage, to solace us on our journey.

We sped along through the night without *contretemps*, and arrived at our destination in the gray of the morning. Early as it was, we found the collector of the district awaiting us, who was profoundly relieved that his hands had been strengthened, and that he might hope now to be able to restore order. The origin of the disturbances appeared to be that a fanatic Moslem, in a moment of religious frenzy, had killed a Hindoo. The murderer had been concealed by the people of his village, who, when a force of police were sent down to search and to enforce the law, had taken up arms, broken into open rebellion, and committed several deeds of violence. The native police had been defied and driven back, and the collector

and other magistrates stoned and threatened. It was now hoped that, if the police had the support of a few soldiers, it would be seen that resistance was hopeless, and that things would settle down into their usual course.

The headquarters of the rioters were rather more than twelve miles distant, and it was arranged that we should encamp for the day, and march in the evening to a village within two miles of their position, and attack them on the following morning, unless in the mean time they had seen the folly of their ways, ceased resistance, and given up their ringleaders and the original murderer. The collector was very loath to proceed to extremities with them, and said that he would give them every chance of timely submission, by sending a message to tell them of the force which was now coming against them, and the serious consequences of continued resistance. I never expected that our services would be really required. Very few comparatively of the fanatics appeared to have firearms, and the arrival of a train full of white soldiers, whose number rumor would no doubt multiply infinitely, seemed likely to make the desired impression on the country-side.

We set to work to pitch our camp, and make our detachment comfortable for the day, while the collector sent off his ultimatum.

In the course of the forenoon we were joined by a large body of native police, and between four and five our small column moved off. It was a very trying march. The men were nearly ankle-deep in dust, and dusty clouds, kicked up by every footstep, filled our eyes, ears, and mouths, and made the heat of the atmosphere even more intolerable. We made steady progress, however. The police were some hundred yards in front of my company, as the collector, who rode with them, wished the surrender to be made, if it was made, to the civil power, and to keep the soldiers as much as possible in the background.

"Oh, Bill! what would you give for a pot of canteen porter?" said one of my men huskily to his next file, as they made their way through the gritty atmosphere.

"*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*," said Mackinnon, equally huskily, to me; "I was just going to say that an iced whiskey-and-soda would be heavenly."

We reached the edge of some cultivated ground after a time, however, and halted for a few minutes to let the men quench their thirst, and refill their water-bottles

at a neighboring well. While we were thus employed, two or three faint reports of musket-shots were heard in the distance, and the police came tumbling back from the front in considerable confusion, the collector bringing up their rear, brandishing a white umbrella, abusing them for their conduct, and adjuring them to come back and secure their opponents. The most striking objects in the crowd were the messengers who had been sent in the morning, and who now presented themselves, each with one of his ears in his hand, which had been cut off, and sent as sole receipt and answer to the summons which they had brought.

Things began to look more serious; and, as the color-sergeant remarked, "it seemed as if there was some blood ahead of us."

The sun had sunk below the horizon, and little more could be done, as we had only moonlight to guide us on a not very well-known track. I sent a sergeant with a few men extended before us, to look out for any lurking adversaries, and we pushed on to the village where we were to bivouac, the police crowding together behind us. Our night was not too comfortable; but the men had their rations, and the collector's sowar-camel came up, with ample supplies for himself, Mackinnon, and me. We hardly expected a surprise; but an inlying picket was told off, sentries posted, and the rest of us lay down in the best shelter we could find, wrapped in our greatcoats, to seek all the slumber that was possible. Tom-toms and shouting in the distance showed that the rebels remained awake for long; but even this ceased after a time, and all was still.

All were on the alert, and ready to move between four and five in the morning. Every man had his coffee, to guard against the ill effects of the morning miasma; and as the police were not to be depended upon if there was any fighting, I made all the preparations for the advance. Mackinnon took the lead with five-and-twenty men, with orders to push through the broken forest ground, and, if possible, rush the hamlet where the rebels were collected, while I followed close in support with the rest of the company. The collector rode with the advanced party, while the police took up a safe position in rear of the column. We half anticipated that, when it was seen that we were really in earnest, everything would be left clear before us, and that the rebels would disperse and seek safety in distant retreats.

We moved on for more than a mile in silence, when I suddenly heard an irregular fusillade opened, followed quickly by the sharp reports of English rifles. I quickened the pace of my men, cleared the belt of forest, which had impeded our view, and saw a scattered crowd of natives keeping up a smart fire as they retired on the village, which was in sight half a mile distant. Mackinnon was following them rapidly, with his men extended at short intervals, but well in hand, and kneeling and firing as they advanced. That it was not child's play was shown by two bodies of natives lying bleeding on the ground where they had fallen, and one of our men who came limping to the rear with a bullet through his leg. The collector's white umbrella gleamed among the skirmishers as the oriflamme of our force, and his energetic gestures responded to the defiant shouts of our enemy.

My men doubled into line, and we pressed on to support Mackinnon, who was likely to encounter a heavier fire as he neared the village. The tide of the skirmish was too quick for us, however, and Mackinnon's party had it all to themselves. We could see, a little to the right of the village, a small temple, enclosed in high stone walls and surrounded with a cactus hedge, towards which the stream of natives seemed to be turning, and I doubled my men forward so as to outflank the right of our advanced party and cover their movements with fire. The rebels closed on the temple, and Mackinnon's men gathered to pursue them into the enclosure. Now they were alongside of the ladders. I saw Mackinnon bound over the hedge, his sword gleaming in the air, and I felt sure that it descended not harmless. The bulk of the natives had got inside the walls of the temple, and some were closing the massive gate, while the rest poured a heavy fire over our men, who tried to keep the gate open and to make their way in pursuit. It was all to no avail. The gate was closed and bolted, and Mackinnon had to fall back, under cover of the fire which we poured on the temple walls, with two more men wounded, and carrying the body of one poor corporal, shot through the head. We were checked for the moment, and as we had no artillery to blow open the gate, it seemed possible that we might be kept at bay for an indefinite time by a handful of ill-armed natives, and possibly have to reduce them by the slow process of blockade and starvation—a thing not to be thought of, if any other expedient

could be found, as it would give time and encouragement to any other malcontents who might be in the district to rise also against the civil power. What made the matter more mortifying was to find that, when we examined the village, there were only about twenty-five men in all occupying the temple, though that number fortunately included the leaders of the disturbances, and also the particular malefactors who were to be arrested. The collector wiped his streaming brow and looked nonplussed. Mackinnon was blown and tired, and could offer no suggestion but to attack again, and try to scale the walls with stormers climbing on the shoulders of other men. I looked at the confounded place and tried to think how we were to get inside without exposing our force to unnecessary loss from the desperate men, who were sure to fight to the last.

While I was considering, the color-sergeant came up and saluted and said, —

"If I might make the suggestion, sir, there are some big logs of wood lying behind us, where they have been cutting the forest. Half-a-dozen of us could easily carry one of them with a run and smash in that gate."

The idea seemed excellent, and indeed there was no other choice. I picked out a good, stout, well-trimmed log, and told off the men who were to carry this extemporized battering-ram. Half the company, including all the marksmen, lay down on the crest of the little knoll behind which we were, about two hundred yards from the temple, with orders to keep up a steady fire on every one who showed himself over the crest of the wall. I took the remaining half with our ram, and made for the gate at a run. Mackinnon was a little to one side of me, and rather gaining ground. I turned to call to him not to get too far in front, as I did not want the attack to be made till the gate had been smashed in, when I saw a native following him closely. "One of our police," I thought, "who has plucked up more courage than his comrades, and is determined to show that there is good fighting stuff in some of them." Then it flashed on my memory that the police wore blue turbans, and this man certainly had a red one. We were covering the ground fast, however; the air was full of the noise of firing, the shouts of the defenders of the temple, and the cheers of my men, and my whole attention was given to the business of the moment.

The ram was completely successful,

and the gate was shivered by its blow. We crowded through the opening, and the place was taken. One volley was fired as we entered, and it struck me that the red-turbaned native and Mackinnon, who had been foremost in the race so far, were not actually at my side as we rushed in, which was certainly fortunate for the latter, as the poor fellow who took his place fell dead before the enemy's volley. No one else was hit. Several of the defenders were killed, still struggling, by the excited soldiers, and the others threw down their arms and cried for quarter. I was only too glad to order the work of slaughter to cease, and handed the prisoners over to the collector, who grimly remarked that their fate was probably only deferred till they fell into the hangman's hands.

To our delight, we saw the pack-animals with our tents and baggage coming up, and we were able to pitch our camp and refresh ourselves after our little brush. As we sat round our breakfast-table, discussing the events of the morning, I asked Mackinnon what happened to him when we attacked the gate.

"Well, it was a confounded piece of cheek of one of the men. Just as I was going in with you, somebody caught my arm and pulled me to one side, and I could not follow till you were all inside the walls. I wish I knew who did it. No one had any business to get in front of me."

"It was a lucky piece of cheek for you anyhow, my lad. Poor Sergeant Walker, who took your place, was killed by the last volley. I don't think it was one of our men either—it must have been that native who was alongside of you."

"There was no native anywhere near me, Melville. I saw nobody but the collector here, and our own men."

"I never saw any native in the last attack," said the collector. "I was watching our friend Melville with his tree; but I am almost certain that you had a native near you when we first began firing this morning, and he kept near you till the time when the gate was shut in your face and you had to fall back. I thought one of your servants was following you. He looked a respectable oldish man, with a grey beard."

"My servants are a deal too careful of their precious skins. None of them were anywhere handy, I'll be bound. Melville, do you know, it strikes me that this old man with the red turban seems to haunt

me, according to your account, wherever I go."

"Haunt you; well, perhaps that is the real word to use."

As I spoke, the word raised a new train of thought in my mind. Could it be, in our prosaic days, and in our ordinary practical life, that a visitor from another world could have in any way interested himself in the fortunes of the very reckless and unromantic subaltern who was sitting before me concluding a copious breakfast by burrowing into the recesses of a jam-pot? Surely not; and yet, why not? Four times had I known of this mysterious native's presence, and always when a special danger seemed to menace the boy. Four times had he been seen and recognized by somebody who was not in the least predisposed to look for his appearance. If he existed in the flesh, how did he appear at points so far apart, and on occasions so dissimilar? and above all, how was it that he never could be found or identified when the occasion of his appearance was past? Mackinnon himself evidently looked upon these circumstances in the most matter-of-fact way, and no suspicion of any connected mystery had occurred to him. I felt too uncertain on every point to venture to hint at the vague ideas which had struck me, and could only hope that some day all that was now inexplicable might find a simple key.

With regard to our present duty, the need for our services had quite passed away. The outbreak had been entirely suppressed, the ringleaders were in our power, and nothing remained to be done which could not be carried out by the police, who were now full of the most active zeal and energy. For the last two days, thick banks of clouds had gathered in the evenings over the sky, and it was probable that the monsoon would break within a week in the western district in which we found ourselves, when it would be most inadvisable to keep European soldiers under canvas without absolute necessity.

A welcome order soon came, therefore, directing our return to headquarters, and we were quickly *en route*. How delicious the burst of rain was, and how grateful the coolness which spread over the parched and torrid land, as the thunder rolled away in the distance and was succeeded by the first monsoon shower! The spirits of everybody rose, and the inmates of the hospital decreased in number, as

we bade adieu to the scorching days and weary nights of the hot weather.

To make things even brighter for H.M.'s—th, a rumor came that our forces in Africa were to be reduced, that our linked battalion would be set free for foreign service, and that the beginning of the cold weather might see us on our way back to England. There is nothing to tell about the intervening time; but rumor for once proved true—our best hopes were realized, and the first troop-ship of the season received us in its kindly embrace.

Soon after we landed in the old country, I received a most pressing invitation from old General Mackinnon to come and dine with him at his snug chambers in London, where he had brought his war-worn hulk to an anchor, within easy reach of his club and the haunts of his old comrades and cronies. As he said, he wanted to thank me for all the care which I had taken of his son, and to hear, at first hand, whether his boy had proved a worthy chip of the old block.

One of my first spare evenings was devoted to the old man, who was delighted to recall the prime of his manhood and his campaigning days in discussing the doings and experiences of his son's regiment in the East, and to hear how things had changed in the military world since the great struggles in which he took part. Our party was only the father, son, and myself. The boy bolted off to a theatre as soon as we had dined, and the old general said,—

"Now, Melville, let us draw our chairs to the fire, and have a quiet smoke. I am so horribly stiff and gouty that I can't get up easily. May I trouble you to ring the bell for cheroots?"

As I rose, my eye was caught by a small and very rude sketch, hanging by the fireplace, of a native of India, in the dress of an irregular of the Mutiny time. Where had I seen any man like it, and how was it that the face and bearing seemed familiar to me? Suddenly came to my mind the occasions when I had seen, in time of danger, a native near the general's son. This was his likeness. There was the bold, soldier-like carriage of the head, which even the rude drawing could not disguise. There were the aquiline features, the fierce moustache, and the long grey beard, the small red turban, and the clothes put on with military neatness.

"Who on earth is that the picture of, general?" I said, hardly nourishing a

hope that I might have some explanation of circumstances which had puzzled me so much when they occurred.

"Oh, you are looking at the picture of old Ismael Khan. It was done at Lucknow by a native artist, and really gives a very good idea of one of the finest fellows that ever sat in a saddle. He was one of my regiment in '57, and did right good service before he died."

"Do tell me about him, general. He looks a class of man that is not very common nowadays."

"You may say that, Melville," said the general, lighting a cheroot. "I have had a lot of good fellows under my command at one time or another, but old Ismael was the pick of the basket."

"He was my orderly in the cavalry regiment which I commanded before the Mutiny. He was devoted to my poor wife and the children, and when the sister of that subaltern of yours was a few months old, he used to carry her about in his arms as tenderly as the best of nurses. When the Mutiny broke out, Ismael, who was a Pathan, was faithful to his salt and refused to join the rest of my scoundrels, who went off to Delhi. He stuck to me through all the first troubles, and when I raised an irregular regiment I made him a *jemmadar*, and right useful I found him in licking the raw levies into shape."

"I shall never forget his death. It was in the early part of '59, when the spirit of the Mutiny was crushed and the courage of the enemy was broken. The principal duty of the cavalry was to wear them out completely, following the dispersed bands, which were still in the field, from place to place, and never ceasing to worry them till they were quite dispersed or destroyed. We had followed a body of the enemy, horse and foot, for several days, pushing them by forced marches, with few and very short halts. At last we overtook and surprised them. They broke, as usual, and bolted, and I pursued with a squadron. We did not show much mercy in those days, and those who were overtaken had short shrift."

"Most of our horses were dead beat, and I found myself with half-a-dozen men, among whom was old Ismael, close on the leader of the enemy, who had still about twenty followers with him. They got among some scattered trees, and seemed inclined to show fight. I gave the word to ride at them. They just managed to fire a straggling volley and continued their flight, but few of them got away. When I pulled up, old Ismael

was not with me, and as I rode back, I found him lying gasping under a tree with a bullet through his lungs. I sent a man back to hurry up the doctor as quick as possible, and raised the old fellow's head, and took his hand and tried to stanch his wound, and cheer him with hopes of getting over it. I had little confidence in his recovery from the first, when I saw the ashen-grey color on his lips, and marked how faintly and with what difficulty he breathed.

"It is no use, sahib," he gasped; "my time has come. You have been a kind chief to me, and I have tried to follow you faithfully. Tell the mem sahib, and the children, that Ismael died a soldier's death, and blessed them when he died; and, sahib, if I find favor where I am going, remember I will still be faithful to you and yours after death."

"These were the last words he ever spoke coherently. He began to wander. His mind seemed to go back to the old days when he used to nurse the child, and he crooned an old native song he used to sing. Then, when the doctor came up, the rattle of horses' hoofs brought his fighting days to his mind. He grasped his sword and waved it, shouting loud and clear, 'Deen! Deen!' his old battle-cry, then sank back fainting. The doctor could do nothing, and in a few minutes one of the finest soldiers in our army passed away.

"Melville, that's an old story now, but it always makes me sad to recall it. I have often thought of the promise *to be faithful after death*. In the flesh or in the spirit there could be no truer soul than that of old Ismael Khan, and what he said he meant."

I need hardly say with what interest I listened to the general's tale. In return, I told him of the experiences which have been related. The old man listened with rapt attention. When I had finished, he said, "Well, Melville, such a story will, no doubt, be easily explained by most people to whom it is told; but I don't think you and I will ever be convinced that it is a tissue of mere *coincidences*."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CAPPING VERSES.

A REMINISCENCE OF OXFORD.

LIKE the dissipated *roué* in the play of "Mayfair," who thus accounts for his not being in bed till five in the morning, I

can say that "I always was a bit of a student;" and a special corner of my library is set apart for the reception of my ancient friends, my veneration for which shrine is, I fear, by no means shared by the other members of my family circle. On the contrary, I have reason to believe that my wife views each fresh addition to its contents with extreme disfavor. "What! more of your ancient Greeks!" she is wont to exclaim when she comes upon me in the act of hastily and somewhat surreptitiously undoing a fresh parcel of books, the last two words being uttered much in the same tone in which I have heard her use the expression "littering rubbish," in connection with the shortcomings of an untidy housemaid. I have reason also to believe, that my sons fully endorse the opinion so emphatically expressed by Swift's captain with respect to the value of a classical education.

Your Noveds, and Blutuchs, and Omurs and stuff,

By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff. To give a young gentleman right education, The army's the only good school in the nation.

Whatever volumes may be missing from other parts of my library (and I notice by the way that "Jorrock's" and "Soapey Sponge" are rarely in their places), there are never any gaps in these shelves for which I am not myself responsible. Not even the disappearance of a Bohn's translation ever shows the faintest desire on the part of any inmate of my house, male or female, to gain that insight into the "sweetness and light" of the original, which it is the fashion nowadays to say may be acquired through the medium of a crib. Here at all events, whatever I may be elsewhere, "I am monarch of all I survey," and no one cares to dispute my right. There they stand, a somewhat motley collection, it must be confessed, both in size and binding, ranging from the Grey Friars Latin and Greek primers of half a century ago to the master of Balliol's "Plato," and the "Edipus Tyrannus" of Professor Jebb. Often, as I look at them, my mind wanders back over a long vista of years, and recalls some quaint memory of the days when as a schoolboy I hammered out by the aid of dictionary and gradus hexameters, or longs and shorts, of doubtful Latinity and scanning, or listened as an undergraduate, too often with dull and drowsy ear, to my college tutor's learned unravelling of some tortuous passage in a Greek chorus. One such memory oc-

curred to me only a day or two ago, when, wishing to verify a quotation, I took from its shelf a somewhat bruised and battered "Corpus Poetarum Latinorum" in which I remember investing on my arrival as a freshman in Oxford. In turning over its pages I came upon half a sheet of paper dotted with certain pencil hieroglyphics that on closer inspection I made out to be the numbers and other particulars necessary for reference to some score of lines of different authors whose poems are to be found in the volume. For a moment, though I recognized my own handwriting, my memory was at fault as to how they got there, but on looking out one of the lines in question there flashed upon my recollection an episode of my Oxford life which I had long since forgotten, but which for years after I had shaken off the dust of "the High" from my feet, I had never recalled without a keen sense of amusement.

One of the best and most popular of the members of my college was Henry Pelham, and his wine parties were the most agreeable entertainments of their kind in the university. They were by no means exclusively confined to one set, or to men of his own college. On the contrary, the rapidly maturing first from Balliol sat in amicable contiguity to the hard rider from Christ Church or Trinity, and the promising young orator of the Union hobnobbed with the boating man from Brasenose, or the fast bowler or crack bat of the university eleven. Pelham was an excellent host, and had the happy knack of fusing into harmony with each other these, oftentimes, under less skilful management, discordant elements; and the result was that, though it could not be said that every man invariably hid his own light under a bushel, there was less individual "shop" talked at these symposia than at any other that I remember in the course of my university career.

Pelham had been at Oxford about a year and a half when I went up to keep my first term. His father and mine were country squires in different parts of Clay-shire; and Pelham and I had already made each other's acquaintance at a cricket match between the north and south of the county, of which I now remember little but the fact that the division which I represented received a somewhat ignominious beating in a single innings. One of the first cards left upon me was his, speedily followed by an invitation to wine in his rooms. Thither accordingly I adjourned on the appointed evening shortly

after dining in hall, and found some fifteen or sixteen men already gathered round the mahogany, and discussing with much apparent gusto some excellent claret which, I need hardly say, our host had not purchased from an Oxford wine-merchant. The party was composed of men of various colleges, our own being fairly represented, and with three or four exceptions was to me, a newly joined freshman, an entirely strange one. One of these exceptions was a little fellow of the name of Downey, of Merton, who for several years had been my schoolfellow and sworn friend at Grey Friars. We were in the same house and in the same class together, and had each left the school a year and a half ago, in order, as the fashion then was, that in the interval between school and college we might unlearn, in the *dolce far niente* of life with a private tutor, the small modicum of Greek and Latin which the bulk of public schoolboys, even to this day, ever succeed in acquiring. Since then I had lost sight of him, but on my entering Pelham's room he greeted me with a joyous cry of recognition. "Glad we meet once more, old fellow!" said he, as I dropped into the vacant chair beside him. "Heard you were up this term, and meant to come and look after you directly. Better place this than that beastly Grey Friars on a cold winter's morning, ain't it? Different stuff this, too, from old Swisher's 'swipes,'" he added, as he refilled his glass from the passing magnum. Downey was, as I have already mentioned, of the light-weight order, and of an extremely youthful appearance. His boyish voice and laugh, his fresh-colored, cherubic face, with its blue eyes and more than slightly "tip-tilted" nose, gave him a look of such childish innocence and simplicity, that a physiognomist would scarcely have hesitated to pronounce his patronymic to be a singular misnomer, so far as it might be taken to indicate the possession of sharp wits and absence of youthful verdure on the part of its owner. The physiognomist who drew any such conclusion, and tried to follow it up to his own advantage, would have found that he had woefully mistaken his man, as the sequel of my story will show.

Very different indeed in outward appearance was another of my Grey Friars contemporaries, Parr of Balliol, who sat near our host on the opposite side of the table. By two years and more my senior at the school, he was now in his third year of residence, and had well sustained

at Oxford the high reputation as a scholar he had won at Grey Friars. There he had carried all before him, and his school career had culminated in a Balliol scholarship, to which he had since added the Hertford and Ireland, and mounted the rostrum more than once at Commemoration to recite his prize compositions before an undergraduate audience that bellowed indiscriminately its praise or censure. Parr's undoubted talents commanded universal respect, but on the whole it could not be said that he was popular amongst his fellows. At school he had been looked on as a bit of a bully; and at college, though he could be pleasant enough when he chose, he was noted for a somewhat overbearing manner, and was withal by no means patient of contradiction. This tendency to self-assertion always manifested itself more strongly whenever, as on the occasion of which I am writing, Todhunter, familiarly dubbed "Toady," was one of the company, another Grey Friars man who had there been Parr's satellite, and who worshipped him and hung on his every sentence much after the fashion that Boswell did on those that fell from the lips of the great lexicographer.

The claret circulated freely, and for a while the conversation flowed as freely from one topic to another, men talking together in groups without an attempt on any one's part to monopolize the talk. Gradually, however, the voice of Parr rose high above the rest, as he somewhat authoritatively and dictatorially set his opposite neighbor right on the authorship and exact wording of a Latin quotation, upon which the other had been rash enough to venture. Somewhat nettled by Parr's tone, his adversary obstinately held to his own version, and the result was a reference to a neatly bound "*Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*" which occupied a conspicuous position on Pelham's bookshelves. That Parr proved to be right was a matter of surprise to no one, and the beaten man was the first frankly to own that he had been mistaken, and admit that he had met with the due reward of his rashness in venturing to dispute so paramount an authority. This admission gave the cue to Todhunter to take up his parable and launch out into one of his effusive laudations of Parr and all his works. Pretty plainly hinting that his late opponent was one of that class who rush in where angels fear to tread, he went on to dilate on Parr's prodigious powers of memory, and told as an instance

of them how he and a rival Balliol luminary, being on a reading party together during the last long vacation, had amused themselves during their daily constitutionals by capping Greek and Latin verses. Day after day, nay week after week, according to Todhunter's account, had the match continued, and finally been drawn by mutual consent, to be renewed should the pair ever meet again in similar circumstances. Parr listened with considerable self-complacency to his satellite's narrative of his achievements, and flung himself back in his chair with an air of contempt when Todhunter concluded by offering to lay a "pony" that there was no one in the room who would enter the lists that evening with his hero at the same amusement.

Todhunter spake, and, like the gods whom Zeus challenged to a trial of strength on the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus, "we all kept silent and were still, marvelling at his saying, for he spake very masterfully." But suddenly the silence was broken, and the challenge taken up in a most unlooked-for quarter. "Well," said the clear, boyish voice of little Downey, my knowledge of Greek is strictly limited, as you Grey Friars fellows are aware, to the verb *τύπτω* as practically conjugated by old Swisher, but if no one else will have a shy, and he will give me the first start, I don't mind having a canter against old Parr over the Latin course for your pony, Toady, and I'll take my chance of being distanced by your Balliol crack."

Had a bombshell burst in the middle of our party we could not have been more astounded. Parr turned as red as a turkey-cock; his prominent eyes nearly started out of his head; and if hair ever does actually stand on end with either astonishment or fear, his may fairly be said to have done so. "You impudent little beggar," he blurted out at length, "what on earth do you mean by cheeking me like that? Why, I remember at Grey Friars —" "Come, come, Parr, don't get in a wax, old fellow," said Downey, in a tone of voice that only added fuel to the fire of Parr's wrath; "I meant what I said, but of course if you funk, I'll let Toady off, without even asking for half-forfeit. And pray spare us your Grey Friars reminiscences, as they can hardly be a subject of general interest to the present company."

At the idea of Parr's funking to encounter Downey there was a general roar of laughter, in the midst of which Parr sat

chafing and fuming, and finally began to open the vials of his wrath upon the unfortunate Todhunter, for having made him the subject of a ridiculous challenge, and one moreover totally unauthorized on his part. Here, however, our host interfered, and, pouring oil on the troubled waters, suggested that if Downey was in serious earnest he had better be taken at his word, and given his chance of winning his money, or receiving his quietus. To this Parr, with not the best grace in the world, assented, and with an air of ill-concealed contempt offered to accede to Downey's condition that he should have first start, further ironically inquiring over what limits as to time, and over what range of Latin poets he proposed that their contest should extend. "Well," said Downey, "as to time, I am quite ready to leave that to Pelham and Todhunter to settle together; the whole term, if you please. And as to poets, let us say any line out of that big volume that you were poring over just now." At this there was a fresh roar of laughter. "What, all the poets in the 'Corpus,' Downey!" said Todhunter, "why, how hard you must have been reading since you left Grey Friars! Poor fellow, no wonder your whiskers have fallen off, I only wonder your hair isn't snow-white into the bargain." "Don't be personal, Toady," answered the imperturbable cherub; "whiskers or no whiskers, I am ready to swallow the whole 'Corpus,' but if Parr objects, there's a long-winded fellow near the end of it I don't mind cutting out. One Silly-something or another. I confess I never read a line of him and I've forgotten his name." "I suppose you mean Silius Italicus," said Parr. "The very party," replied Downey. "Well," said Parr, beginning to recover his temper, "cut him out, by all means if you like; we shall still have a pretty wide field to range over." At length it was settled between Pelham and Todhunter as umpires, firstly, that the match should last for two hours, and that if neither party was brought to a standstill by the end of that time it should be considered as drawn; secondly, that a minute only should be allowed for one antagonist to follow the other, and in the event of either failing to keep time he should be declared the loser; thirdly, that either antagonist, on being challenged by his adversary to do so, should give his authority for the line quoted, to be verified in case of doubt by a reference to the "Corpus." During the settlement of these terms opinions as to the result of the contest were freely out-

spoken, and with one single exception they were unanimous, that Downey would speedily find that he had caught a Tartar. "I am afraid it will be a case of 'Infelix puer, atque impar congressus,'" said Monckton, a noted punster, who prided himself, and not altogether without reason, on the happiness of his classical quotations. Downey, however, nothing daunted, laid out another "pony" round the table at five to one in backing himself to win. The others evidently looked upon the match as a piece of bravado on his part, for which, for some reason best known to himself, he was prepared to pay pretty expensively.

I have said, however, that there was one exception to this general chorus, and that exception was myself. I have already mentioned that Downey and I had been close friends at school, and no one knew better than I did that this innocent-looking little cherub had two sides to his character. Idle and careless as he was about his school work, childish in voice and outward appearance, he was very far from being the fool that he possibly looked, and that certainly his pastors and masters declared him to be. I was convinced in my own mind that he had not accepted Todhunter's challenge and risked losing his money as a mere bit of bounce. I did not for a moment suppose that during the time I had lost sight of him he had so far changed his nature and devoted himself to classical study as to have a hope of successfully encountering Parr on his own battle-field. But I did think that in some occult manner or another Downey had got hold of one of his "good things" in reference to capping verses, which would probably result in his antagonist's discomfiture. For once in a way, therefore, I resolved to break through my rule about betting, and said with something of a freshman's shyness, "I don't like to see an old school-friend begin a fight like this without a single backer, and so far as a modest fiver goes, I am ready to take any of you at five to one." My offer was promptly taken in pounds by four of the party, and then as no one appeared inclined to follow my example Pelham called on Downey to make a start.

"Well," said Downey, "I'll begin with our friend Horace for old acquaintance' sake. —

Nec vaga cornix.

I don't suppose Parr will question my authority, and I will trouble him for an x."

I noticed an uneasy twitching about Parr's mouth at this selection of Downey's, which confirmed me in my idea that this classical giant would meet with the fate of Goliath at the hands of David. Nevertheless he promptly answered, —

Xanthia Phocœ, prius insolentem.

The line was scarcely out of his mouth before Downey responded, "Parr sticks to Horace, and I can't do better than follow his lead, —

Mittit venenorum ferax.

Trouble you for another x Parr."

The perspiration broke out on Parr's forehead, as he replied after a moment's pause, —

Xerxis et imperio bina coisse vada,

and added, "If you dispute my line you will find it in the first elegy of the Second Book of Propertius."

"Far be it from me to dispute any quotation of yours, most learned Parr," said Downey. "I have only got to cap it, let us go to Juvenal for a change, —

Ad summum, nec Maurus erat, nec Sarmata,
nec Thrax,

That's a line I'm sure you know well, and I'll trouble you once more to cap me with an x."

But to the general astonishment the answer came not. Turning red and pale by turns, Parr sat mute. His upper lip worked nervously, but no sound came from his mouth. "Surely he's not already in *extremis*," cried Monckton. "Take a life-pill, old Parr." An anxious silence ensued, till Pelham, who sat with his watch before him, cried, "Time's up — Downey, I declare you the winner," and handed him the stakes. "Well, I never thought that a dose of Downey and Co.'s XXX would have felled him like that," cried the inveterate punster.

Overbearing in manner as Parr was apt to be, he was a good-hearted fellow enough in the main, and I must do him the justice to say that he took his summary and mortifying defeat like a gentleman. "*Do manus*," he said. "Downey, you have checkmated me fairly enough, and have somehow or another discovered a royal road to knowledge that I little dreamt of in my philosophy. I am sorry you have lost your money, Todhunter, but it will be a lesson to you for the future not to make my classical accomplishments the subject of rash speculation and unauthorized challenges. Silence is golden, my friend, a maxim of which your runaway tongue has

just given you a very practical illustration."

"I don't believe in many things, but I did believe in your memory, Parr," said Todhunter ruefully.

"My memory will not enable me to quote lines that don't exist," said Parr; "and I have a very strong impression that there is not another line beginning with x in the whole range of the poets agreed upon, and that Downey knows it."

"I have an equally strong impression that you are right, Parr," said Downey. "At all events, if you could have quoted one you would have smashed me into sky-blue fits, as the Yankee fellow says in Martin What's-his-name. Cheer up, Toady," he added; "you look as glum as you used to do when summoned by Swisher to a private and confidential interview at the close of morning school. Don't cry into your claret, old fellow; it's a sin and a shame to water such an excellent vintage as that. Here, take your pony back again, for I don't mean to pocket your money or any one else's on this event. I've no objection to turning an honest penny on a good thing, but when the good thing is a dead certainty beforehand, then the penny ain't quite an honest one. No, no. I've run Parr to a standstill over his own course, and got a jolly good rise out of the rest of you. That's enough for this child to-night."

"Bravo! Downey," said Pelham. "You have won your victory and used it like a gentleman, and taken us in all round most completely. Come now, make a clean breast of it, and tell us how you became possessed of the dodge in question. Because we can't for a moment suppose that you evolved it out of your own inner consciousness, or that it is the result of a prolonged and minute study on your part of the contents of the 'Corpus.'"

"Well," said Downey, "I am afraid I can't do the trick twice over, at all events not with any of the present company, so I don't mind letting the cat out of the bag, though I warn you that the cat aforesaid has rather a long tail hanging to it. You must know, then, that when my governor took me away from Grey Friars two years ago, on the ground that my classical attainments lacked finish, he sent me, of all places in the world to choose, to an old Cambridge don who was rector of a parish not a hundred miles from Newmarket Heath. Fortunately my respected pater-nity was convinced that I shared his rooted aversion for the turf and all its works, and thought I might be trusted near that den

of thieves, as he was wont to call it, without the slightest danger. I found old Busby, for such was my new tutor's name, to be a very jolly old cock indeed. He had the reputation of being a perfect mine of classical lore, and a first-rate mathematician withal; but he had also a reputation on which I set a higher value, for keeping a very good table, and an excellent cellar of port wine, of which he showed a sound appreciation. In particular, I remember a bin of yellow-sealed 'twenty' vintage, reserved for very rare occasions, which even to my inexperienced palate was real nectar. It was quite a treat to see the care with which the old boy would bring up the bottle from his cellar, and uncork and decant it with his own hands, and the gusto with which he would hold the first glass up to the light, and then suffer the first sip of it to trickle gently down his throat. 'Ah,' he would say with a hearty smack, 'Mr. Downey, lay in your port wine in the days of your youth, sir, to comfort you in your old age. You'll find it a good investment, my boy, a right good investment; but you won't see a vintage like this again, no, not if you live to be a hundred.' For some time he tried hard to do his duty by me as a tutor, but finding at last that I was fonder of making a book than reading one, and that the latest state of the odds had more charm for me than a chorus of Sophocles, he gave it up as a bad job, and left me pretty much to my own devices. I read as much or as little as I chose, and I need hardly say that I passed a good deal of my time in or about Newmarket, picking up information of not exactly a classical order, and that I was never absent from a meeting on the Heath. Not only were my visits there no secret from old Busby, but I discovered by degrees that the old fellow had at some period or another of his life been pretty familiar with the sight of a race-course, and even now was by no means devoid of interest in the possible winner of a great event. The last autumn I was with him was the one in which, as you may remember, Bucephalus won the Cesarewitch, being at twenty to one in the betting before starting. He had been first favorite, but a rumor got about some ten days before the race that something was amiss with the horse, and he consequently fell rapidly in the betting. I had good reason, however, to believe that he was all right, and I accordingly got well on him, in my modest way of venturing, at long odds. For three or four days before the race I noticed that old Busby seemed to

take an unusual interest in the possible result, and on my telling him how I had backed Bucephalus, he asked what were the respective colors of the horse and his rider. When I answered, 'Chestnut the horse; blue and white body, black sleeves and cap, the jockey,' the old boy gave a sudden start and walked away down his garden to go the daily round of his parish. On the morning of the race, to my surprise, he called me mysteriously into his study just as I was about to start, and said, 'Mr. Downey, I dare say you will think I'm an old fool, but I must tell you in strict confidence that a week ago I dreamt that I was looking on at a race that was being run over a course which, from my early Cambridge experiences, I knew but too well to be on Newmarket Heath. I was standing amongst the crowd not far from the winning-post, and as some twenty horses swept by me, I distinctly saw a chestnut, ridden by a jockey wearing a blue and white body with black sleeves and cap, single himself out from the rest, and win with apparent ease by two lengths. I turned to a bystander and asked what race it was, and what horse had won. "Why, man alive," said he, "the Cesarewitch, to be sure, and the winner is —" but here I awoke with a start, and my dream left the name unspoken. Whether I have heard it from you since, or whether the dream was sent to me from the gate of horn, or the gate of ivory' (what the old boy meant by that I don't know), 'to-day will show. At all events, I am going to put its truth to a practical test, for I am going to ask you, Mr. Downey, in the strictest confidence and as a special favor to put *this* for me on Bucephalus.' Here he produced a very crumpled and not over clean Bank of England tenner, which he handed to me. 'It is many years since I last did such a thing,' added he; 'I ought not perhaps to do it now, and I don't suppose I shall ever do it again, but I don't believe that dream came to me for nothing. Good-bye, Mr. Downey, and good luck. If Bucephalus wins, we will have a bottle of the yellow-seal after dinner this evening.'

"Well, to make a long story short, you will all remember that old Busby's dream came strictly true. The horse did win easily by two lengths, and I got my tutor's tenner on for him at twenty to one, besides making a very good thing of my own little investments. I never saw a man so pleased at a stroke of good fortune, and curiously enough he appeared to attribute it far more to me than to his

dream. 'If I had not heard the name of the horse from you,' he said, 'and if you had not been going to the race, I should probably have thought little more about the dream, and certainly should not have made my bet.' But you are all no doubt beginning to think what this rigmarole about a port-wine-drinking old parson's dream and Bucephalus has got to do with capping verses, and the dodge (as Pelham was pleased to call it) with which I got the better of Parr. Well, just this. As we sat together after dinner the evening before my departure, discussing a final bottle of the yellow seal, old Busby suddenly remarked, 'Mr. Downey, you did me a good turn about my dream and Bucephalus, and one good turn deserves another. I can't put you up to a good thing on the turf, but I can tell you of something in another line which you may possibly some day have a chance of turning to your advantage. You are going to Oxford shortly, and it is quite possible you may find amongst your friends there some who pride themselves on being dabs at capping verses. Now it is one of those things, as I believe, not generally known, that while the number of lines in Latin poetry *ending* with the letter *x* are pretty numerous, those that *begin* with *x* are strictly limited, as a reference to a *gradus* or dictionary will show. You have only therefore to get the first start, if you can, and stipulate that your contest be confined to Latin, to come in a certain winner. Remember what I am telling you refers exclusively to Latin poetry, and to such as is included in the 'Corpus' of Latin poets; for in Greek, though lines beginning with *x* are in a minority as compared with other letters of the alphabet, there are enough of them, say in *Æschylus* alone, to prolong any match indefinitely, and of this, Mr. Downey, you must pardon me for saying, the extent of your classical knowledge and apparent powers of memory will hardly admit. Here,' he went on, producing a half-sheet of paper from his pocket, 'I have written out a list of the lines necessary for your trial of strength, and if your antagonist is not up to the trick, and gives you first start, he may know the whole "Corpus" by heart to no purpose.' Now whether the old boy really meant that I was to make money by his tip, or only to astonish my friends by a grand display of classical fireworks, I could not quite make out. He was getting a little hazy under the influence of the 'twenty,' and I thought it best not to press him on the subject.

"Next morning we parted the best of friends, and there really ends my story. I will honestly confess that since I came to Oxford I have been watching for an opportunity to put my knowledge to the proof, but it has never offered itself till to-night, and I have never tried to introduce the subject of capping verses myself, lest some one might smell a rat. When, however, I heard Toady talk about Parr's set-to with the other fellow having lasted through a whole long, I felt pretty sure that with all his memory he was not up to my dodge, and so you see I had a shy at him. I may as well also confess, while I am about it, that I doubt if I know by heart a score of lines of Latin or any other poetry beyond the three I quoted this evening."

"Did your tutor tell you how he came by the dodge himself?" said Parr.

"Yes, I gathered that he had worked it out for himself when at Cambridge, and made a good thing of it before he took his degree. But, as he said, many a generation had come and gone since then, and probably the trick had been long ago forgotten."

"But what made you bar *Silius Italicus*?" said Pelham.

"I was wondering whether any one would be sharp enough to ask me that question," answered Downey. "Just this, that there are five lines in him which a party of the name of *Xanthippus* has the honor of leading off. Who he was, I have not the remotest idea, nor have I any wish for a more intimate acquaintance. If, however, Parr had objected to bar him, I had got my four lines in answer all ready, and I should have floored him all the same. At least, that is if I could have remembered them," said Downey modestly, "and it is just possible that Parr might have caught me on the post and got his head in front after all. So I resolved to get the Silly Italian scratched if I could, and make the event a dead certainty, barring my having a fit in the middle of the running."

"Well, Downey," said Pelham, as he pushed round a fresh magnum, "I haven't got any 'twenty' port to drink your health in and that of old Busby, into whose betting ethics I shrewdly suspect that you were wise to make no deep scrutiny; but I hope that magnum will be no bad substitute. Had you been a leg, his coaching would have enabled you to lighten some of our pockets this evening, but I fear it won't help you much for smalls and greats. Two lines of *Horace*, and an-

other of Juvenal, is rather a slender provision for the schools, and you'll have to tackle your 'Corpus' in a different fashion to get a good thing in the shape of a testamur out of the examiners."

Forty years and more have gone by since I sat in Pelham's rooms on the occasion recorded in this story, and of most of those then present I may say regretfully with Praed, —

Where are my friends? I am alone:

No playmate shares my beaker:

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,

And some — before the Speaker.

Since then I have mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, but I have never again been present at any attempt to try on "the Downey dodge," as we then christened it, nor do I know if any tradition of it still survives in the university. Indeed, I had myself quite forgotten it, till reminded of it by the slip of paper I found, as already mentioned, in the pages of my "Corpus." I have turned over those pages pretty often of late years, and why it should have for so long therein "reposed unscanned," (like "Medlar's feet beneath the broad Atlantic" in the above quoted poem), I cannot explain, save, perhaps, that it was hidden in the part of the volume devoted to the poetry of Silius Italicus. Of that author I must confess that I have never yet read a line, and I know no more of him than the fact revealed to us by Downey, that there are five lines in his seventeen books which begin with the letter x. Stay, I am wrong, one thing more I do know of him. In Mr. Trevelyan's admirable biography of Lord Macaulay, I came upon that omnivorous reader's opinion of him thus tersely indicated in his diary: "Silius Italicus is a conceited ass." And I have no doubt that Lord Macaulay was perfectly right.

From The Nineteenth Century.

A VISIT TO SOME AUSTRIAN MONASTERIES.

BESIDES the solid, historic investigation as to "what has been," and the philosophic inquiry as to "what will be," there is the, if less practical yet ever interesting, speculation as to "what might have been" — a speculation to which exceptional circumstances may give an exceptional value.

As the "advanced" Radical programme now avowedly includes the disestablish-

ment and disendowment of the National Church, and as (to our very great regret) such a step seems to approach nearer and nearer to the area of practical politics, the phenomena presented by the very few remaining churches which yet continue in the enjoyment of their landed property can hardly be devoid of interest to those who really care about matters either of Church or State.

A Teutonic land, such as Austria, admits of a more profitable comparison with England than do countries which are peopled by the Latin races. Moreover, the Austrian Church, like the Church of England, still survives in wealth and dignity, and thus strongly contrasts with the churches of Spain, Italy, and France, as well as with those of northern Germany.

But not only is it thus exceptional, but it is yet more so in the possession of monastic institutions of extreme antiquity, which still retain possession of large domains, even if their possessions may have been somewhat diminished. The vast and wealthy Austrian monasteries which are to be found in the vicinity of the Danube may enable us to form some conception of what our St. Albans and St. Edmunds, Glastonbury and Canterbury, might now be had no change of religion ever taken place in England, and had our abbey lands continued in the possession of their monastic owners.

Besides such considerations of general interest which induced the present writer to visit these rare examples of ecclesiastical survival, there were others of a personal nature. When a mere boy he had found in his father's library and read with great interest a presentation copy of Didbin's charming account of his antiquarian tour in France and Germany.* Therein were graphically described his visits in August, 1818 (in search of manuscripts and early printed books), to the great monasteries of Kremsmünster, St. Florian, Mölk, and Göttwic, as also to Salzburg and Gmunden, with vivid pictures of their artistic and natural beauties. The strong desire kindled in a youthful imagination to follow Didbin's footsteps and see sights so interesting and so rare having, after persisting undiminished for thirty years, at length been gratified, it may not be uninteresting to compare what the traveller saw in 1885 with Dr. Dib-

* A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany. By the Reverend Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D.D. Second edition. London, published by Robert Jennings and John Major, 1829. In three volumes.

din's observations made exactly sixty-seven years before.*

The centre from which these monastic visits can best be made is the bright, clean, busy city of Linz, and to Linz accordingly we went after pausing at Würzburg, Nuremberg, Regensburg, and Passau by the way. The Danube journey, from Passau to Linz, was performed on the 19th of August, a day which felt more like November, so great was the cold. To one who comes fresh from the Rhine, the wildness of the Danube is very striking. The latter river, with its long stretches of forest intervening between the rare and scanty signs of man's handiwork, still presents much of the aspect it must have worn in the days of Tacitus, especially its lofty, frowning left bank, the old *frons Germaniæ*.

At Linz the Erzherzog Karl Hotel is pleasantly and conveniently situated close to the steamers' landing-place, and its windows command a pleasant view of the Danube and the heights on its opposite shore. Good carriages and horses can also be hired at the hotel; and one was at once engaged to take us next day to pay our first monastic visit — namely, that to the great monastery of St. Florian,† the home of some ninety canons regular of St. Augustine.

The day was delightful, the open carriage comfortable with its springs and cushions in good order, and a very civil coachman, with a smart coat and black cockade, drove our pair of spanking bays briskly along a pleasant road which, after for a time skirting the Vienna railroad, turned south and began between fields and woodlands to ascend the higher ground whereon the distant monastery is perched. The greensward of a picturesque wood we traversed was thickly spangled with brilliant blossoms of *Melampyrum nemorosum*. This lovely little plant requires more than most others to be seen alive to be appreciated, as its colored leaves become invariably and rapidly black when preserved for herbaria. Nor can it be a very common plant, as, though we repeatedly looked for it, we never saw it in any of our country rambles save in this one wood. The true flower is a brilliant yellow

drooping tube, while the blossom is made up of several of these surmounted by a crown of brightest blue or purplish bracts — that is, modified foliage leaves.

In a short time the spires and cupolas of St. Florian's begun to appear above a distant wood; they were again lost to sight as we descended a declivity, but soon the whole mass of the vast monastery came gradually into view during the last ascent. Though its community celebrated five years ago the thousandth anniversary of their foundation, none of the buildings, save some fragments of the crypt, are even of mediæval date, the whole having been rebuilt during the reign of the emperor Charles VI., who reigned from 1710 to 1740. To English ideas it has rather the character of a palace than a monastery, and indeed within it are apartments destined for imperial use, to lodge the sovereign and his suite when visiting this part of his dominions.

Passing the small village immediately without the monastery walls, we drove within the first enclosure, and, having sent in our letters of introduction, were conducted into the church, wherein vespers had just begun.

It is a stately edifice, rich in marble and gilding, and provided with handsome pews (carved seats with doors) throughout its nave. The choir is furnished with stalls and fittings of rich inlaid woodwork, while at the west end of the nave is the celebrated organ, which has more stops than any other in Austria, and three hundred pipes, which have now, just as at the time of Dibdin's visit, completely the appearance of polished silver. The woodwork is painted white, richly relieved with gold. "For size and splendor," he remarks,* "I have never seen anything like it."

The office was but recited in monotone by less than twenty of the canons, each having a short white surplice over his cassock.† It was no sooner finished than a servant advanced to invite us to see the Herr Prelat, or abbot, whose name and title is Ferdinand Moser, Propst der reg. Chorherrenstifter St. Florian. We found him in the sacristy, a man of about sixty,

* See vol. iii., pp. 217-276.

† St. Florian is said to have been a soldier and martyr of the time of Diocletian, who was thrown from a bridge with a stone tied about his neck. He is a popular saint in Bavaria and Austria, though not nearly so much so as St. John Nepomuk. He is usually represented in armor pouring water from a bucket to extinguish a house or city in flames, and is popularly esteemed an auxiliary against fires.

* Loc. cit., vol. iii., p. 242.

† It should be recollected that these religious are not Benedictines but Augustinians. Part of their ordinary dress consists of a singular garment which, by a zoological analogy, may be termed an ecclesiastical "rudimentary organ." Over the black cassock is worn a long and very narrow slip of white linen hanging down in front and behind, and united by a tape round the neck. This odd appendage is, we were told, a much diminished survival of an ordinary monastic scapular of a white color which was worn by them in former ages.

of pleasant aspect, with a manner full of dignified but benevolent courtesy, such as might befit an Anglican bishop or other spiritual lord of acres. Ascending a magnificent staircase to the richly furnished abbatial range of apartments, we were soon introduced to the librarian, Father Albin Cxerny, a venerable, white-haired monk who had been for three-and-forty years an inmate of the monastery. Our first visit was to the library, consisting of one handsome principal room with smaller chambers opening out from it and rich with fifty thousand volumes, many having been added since they were gazed at by the English bibliographer, our predecessor. We were greatly interested to find that there was yet a lively tradition of Dr. Dibdin's visit, and were shown first the portrait, and afterwards the tomb, of the abbot who had received him; and, to our great satisfaction, the librarian at once took down from their library shelf the three volumes of Dibdin's tour (which had been presented to the monastery by their author), and, turning to his description of the scene around us, spoke with just admiration of its engravings, and with touching kindness of his predecessor in office — the Father Klein (now long since deceased) who had received with so much docility the bibliographical doctrines* of his English visitor. Amongst the books of the library is an elaborate German flora in many quarto volumes with a colored plate of each species, as in our Sowerby's "English Botany."

There is a very fine refectory and large garden and highly ornamental conservatory — or winter garden — for the abbot's use, but thrown open to the public except on great feast-days. The imperial apartments are richly and appropriately decorated, and the banquetting-hall is magnificent. The bedrooms were strangely mistaken by Dibdin, as the librarian pointed out, for monastic "dormitories."†

By the kindness of the superior the very same treat was given to us as had been given to our predecessor in 1818. We were taken to the church, where seated in the stalls we listened for the best part of half an hour to a performance upon their world-renowned organ. Our experience was much like that of Mr. Dibdin, who wrote:‡ —

To our admiration the organ burst forth

with a power of intonation (every stop being opened) such as I had never heard exceeded. As there were only a few present, the sounds were necessarily increased by being reverberated from every part of the building; and for a moment it seemed as if the very dome would have been unroofed and the sides burst asunder. We could not hear a word that was spoken; when, in a few succeeding seconds, the diapason stop only was opened . . . and how sweet and touching was the melody which it imparted! A solemn stave or two of a hymn (during which a few other pipes were opened) was then performed by the organist . . . and the effect was as if these notes had been chaunted by an invisible choir of angels.

Our last visit was to the spacious crypt, around the interior of which lie (above ground) in bronze sarcophagi the bodies of the abbots and of a few of the monastery's benefactors, while in its centre are the remains of the other members of the fraternity, each in a cavity closed by a stone engraved with a name and date, and reminding us of the catacombs of Kensal Green. Here lie all those whom Dibdin saw. In another sixty-seven years will this monastery be still enduring, and another visitor in 1952 be shown the resting-places of those on whose friendly faces we ourselves have gazed?

Austria certainly shows a marvellously tenacious power of endurance, and in spite of many political changes has been so far singularly exempt from revolutionary destruction. No lover of antiquity, no one who rejoices to see yet surviving social phenomena elsewhere extinct, can fail to exclaim, *Esto perpetua!* The convent* of St. Florian still possesses, as we have already said, its old landed property. This property it does not let out either on lease or by the year, but it is its own farmer, all the work, whether of arable land, pasture, or forest, being performed by hired labor exclusively.

Though the community is so large, yet the number within the monastery is almost always much less. This is because the convent possesses not only its lands, but also (as did our own monasteries) the right of presentation to various livings. These are still no less than thirty-three in number, and members of the community are sent out to serve them, but they are liable to recall at any moment. A considerable number of the canons are also sent out to act as professors in different places of education. Upon the death of an abbot

* Loc. cit., p. 257.

† Loc. cit., p. 243.

‡ Loc. cit., p. 242.

* The word "convent" properly denotes the community, whether male or female, which inhabits a religious house. The word "monastery" denotes the dwelling-place itself.

his successor is freely elected by the members, who assemble from all parts for the occasion. Neither the pope nor the government has any right of nomination, or even of recommendation, but the government can veto the election of an obnoxious individual. This right of veto, however, has been, we were told, very rarely exercised.

The abbey farm has a large supply of live stock. We saw sixty-seven cows in their stalls, and they seemed very well looked after. The abbot has his own private carriage and horses, and we saw twenty-six horses of different kinds in the stables. The collection of pigs was very large, and included some which had recently arrived from England. They were shut up in four dozen pens, the whole of which were enclosed and roofed over by a very large and solid outhouse.

It was with some surprise that I found the superior of this great abbey was as unable to converse either in French or English as was his predecessor when visited by Dibdin. He and the librarian were both, however, well up in English politics, and we were playfully reproached with our late prime minister's sentiments towards Austria, nor could we but feel surprised at hearing Mr. Gladstone's questions as to "where Austria had done good" quoted in this secluded monastic retreat.

After cordial farewells, a rapid drive soon carried us back to Linz, in time to escape a storm which had been threatening us, and to enjoy in security the long-continued reverberations of thunder which sounded amongst the mountains, and to see the city lit up by rapidly repeated flashes of extreme brilliancy.

The next day was set apart for a visit to our first great Benedictine house—that of Kremsmünster.

Although material progress enabled us for this purpose to dispense with the use of horses, yet we rather envied the conditions under which Dibdin had visited that monastery. "By eleven in the morning," he tells us,* "the postboy's bugle sounded for departure. The carriage and horses were at the door, the postboy arrayed in a scarlet jacket with a black velvet collar edged with silver lace; and the travellers being comfortably seated, the whip sounded, and off we went uphill at a good round cantering pace." Our pace, on the contrary, was of the slowest which a stopping-at-every-smallest-station train could

be credited with. We had to start from our inn at Linz at a quarter past six, and we did not accomplish the whole journey from door to door in much less time than that in which the about equally long journey to Kremsmünster from Gmunden was made by road sixty-seven years before.

As we approached Krems, the mountains of the Salzkammergut stood out boldly on the horizon, but more striking to us was the prodigious monastery, with its Babel-like observatory tower, the whole mass of its buildings rising from an elevated hill overhanging the small townlet of Krems at its base.

By good fortune, close to the station, we overtook a monk on his road home, who kindly escorted us by a short cut through the monastic gardens, of which he had the key, up to the monastery and to the prelatura, when, after a short wait in an anteroom, the abbot, Herr Leonard Achleitner, came and invited us into his study (an elegant apartment furnished in crimson velvet), where he read our letters of introduction. Again we were forced to use our little store of German. The courteous prelate lamented that official business called him away from home, and, after inviting us to dine and sleep, consigned us to the care of a pleasant and healthy-looking young monk, by name Brother Columban Schiesflingstrasse, who was careful that we should fail to see and learn nothing which interested us to inspect or to inquire about.

The huge abbey—an eighteenth-century structure, though its foundation dates from the eighth—consists of a series of spacious quadrangles and a large church similar in style to that of St. Florian, save that the choir is a western gallery and that the decorations generally are not so fine.

This great house is the home of one hundred monks, three hundred students, and many servants. As was the case with the Augustinians, so here many of the monks are non-resident, being appointed to serve the twenty-five livings to which the abbot has the right of presentation. The abbot is freely elected for life by the community. An applicant for admission amongst its members need not be of noble birth or the possessor of any fortune, but if he is the owner of property he must make contribution therewith on his admission. The novitiate lasts for a year, and for four years longer the new-comer is free to leave if he likes. After that he is held morally bound, but not legally so, as now the arm of the law cannot be em-

* Loc. cit., p. 216.

ployed to force back any monk who may desire to leave. The youngest members are provided with one cell for each pair, but when more advanced each has a room to himself. The monks who act as professors have each two rooms, the prior has three rooms, and the abbot a whole suite of apartments. They have much land, none of which is let to farmers, but is entirely cultivated by hired labor, except of course their forests. These are to be seen from the abbey windows extending up the sides of distant mountains, and our host assured us they were richly stocked with deer and roebuck, pheasants, and partridges.

As to their church services, they do not rise at night nor extraordinarily early. All their office is but recited in monotone, and the matins of each day are said the evening before, not in church, but in a room set apart for that purpose. They do not have high mass even on Sundays, but only on great festivals, when each wears a cowl in choir. On all other occasions they only wear their ordinary black cassock and scapular without any hood, nor have they, any more than the Augustinians, a large monastic tonsure.

The abbot, in spite of his stately lodgings and his importance, ordinarily dines with the community in their refectory, and no special dishes are served at the high table, but only those of which all are free to partake.

At the time of our visit the students and most of the professors were away for their vacation, and we could but inspect the means and appliances of learning.

The immense tower, at the summit of which is the observatory, has each story devoted to a scientific collection of a different kind. Thus there is a large collection of fossils and minerals; another of chemical materials and instruments; another is a cabinet of physics, and there is besides a moderately good zoological gallery, and also some skeletons and anatomical preparations. Lining the whole staircase, and also in other parts of the tower, are some hundreds of portraits in oil of former students, each one with his powdered wig, and all anterior to 1799. Every portrait is numbered, but unfortunately in the troubles of the Napoleonic wars the list was lost. It was to me a very sad sight to see this multitude of young faces about whom no one now knew anything, not even a name—lifelike shadows of the forgotten dead!

At Kremsmünster, as at St. Florian, there are royal apartments and also a pic-

ture-gallery, a gallery of engravings, and other galleries of old glass, china, and objects of *virtu*. In the church treasury are many relics, much plate, and expensive vestments—some given by the empress Maria Theresa. There is, however, hardly anything mediæval, except a very large chalice of the time when communion in both kinds was partaken of by the laity.

The library contained, we were told, no less than eighty thousand volumes, but to our regret we had no time properly to inspect even a portion of its contents, though some things in it are very curious and others beautiful. There is an elaborate manuscript treatise of magic with illustrations, and another on astrology. A book of the Gospels of the eighth century is wonderful for its most beautiful writing, and there are various ancient missals admirably illuminated. The works treating on the different physical sciences were, we were told, not in the general library, but in separate departmental libraries for the use of each professor. I did not succeed in ascertaining that there was any record or recollection of Dr. Dibdin's visit. The librarian, however, was away for his vacation.

The gardens are attractive, with many interesting plants and various green-houses, but the most interesting object external to the monastery was what at first sight might be mistaken for a sort of *campo santo*. This consisted of a large space, in shape an elongated parallelogram, bounded by a sort of cloister with an open arcade of pillars and round arches. This space was traversed at intervals by passages similarly arcaded on either side, and these passages connected the two arcades on each longer side of the parallelogram. In each rectangular space, thus enclosed by arcaded passages, was a large fishpond abundantly furnished with large trout or gigantic carp. The walls of the quasi cloister were hung on every side with deers' heads and antlers, and the venerable monk who went round this place with us assured us they had all been shot by members of the community, he for one having been a very keen monastic sportsman in his younger days, as were many of his younger colleagues now, who found good sport in their well-stocked forests.

From the fishponds we were conducted to the monastic lavatory, and thence to the refectory, with many hospitable regrets that our visit should have taken place on a Friday, with its consequently restricted table.

In the refectory we were received by the prior, Father Sigismund Fellöcker, a monk devoted to mineralogy.

The party having assembled, all stood round and repeated the ordinary monastic grace, after which, being placed at the prior's right hand at the high table, we all fell to amidst a lively hum of conversation, no one apparently being appointed to read aloud, during an obligatory silence, as is usually the case in monasteries.

The feast consisted of *maigre* soup, omelettes, sauerkraut, excellent apple turnovers, and cray fish. Before each monk was a small decanter of white wine, made at one of their houses in lower Austria, for at Krems the vine will not ripen enough for wine-making. Dinner being over and grace said, the prior and most of the monks retired, but the sub-prior invited us and another guest and two monks to sit again and taste some choicer wine, white and red, which we did willingly, for the rain was pouring in torrents and we could not leave. Droll stories and monastic riddles went round till coffee came and also the hour at which we had intended to depart. Not liking, however, to begin our long and tedious railway journey to Linz wet through, we accompanied our kind young guide Brother Columban to his cell, where, at our request, he played with skill and taste air after air upon the zitta till the clouds cleared and he was able to escort us, as he kindly insisted on doing, to the outside of the ample monastery's walls.

Much interested with our first experience of the Austrian Benedictines, we looked forward with pleasure to our visit next day to their far-famed monastery of M \ddot{o} lk.

Leaving Linz by steamer at half past seven on the morning of the 22nd of August, we reached in four hours our point of disembarkation. Long before our arrival there the magnificent palatial monastery was a conspicuous object, with the soaring towers and cupola of the abbey church, the whole massed on the summit of a lofty cliff very near the right bank of the river. This commanding position was in the later part of the tenth century a fortified outpost of the heathen Magyars, from whom it was taken in 984 by Leopold, the first markgrave of Austria, the founder of the present monastery, who, with his five successors, is buried in the conventual church. Centuries afterwards it had again to do with Hungarians, who besieged it for three months in 1619. When visited by Dr. Dibdin it had also

recently suffered from war. The French generals had lodged in it on their way to Vienna, and during the march through of their troops it was forced to supply them with not less than from fifty to sixty thousand pints of wine per day.

In spite of the antiquity of its foundation, the monastic buildings are all modern, having been erected between 1707 and 1736.

A walk of about a mile from the landing-place led us (after passing round beneath the walls of the monastery and ascending through the town of M \ddot{o} lk) to a gate, passing through which, and traversing a spacious quadrangle, we ascended a stately staircase to the prelatura, or abbot's lodgings. The community were at dinner, but we ventured to send in our letters, and the first to come out and welcome us was the prior, Herr Friedrich Heilmann, a monk who had inhabited the monastery for forty years, but who was as amiable as venerable, and full of pleasantry and humor. He introduced us to the Herr Prelat, Herr Alexander Karl, who then came up conversing with the monks who attended him on either side.

Rather short in stature, he wore his gold chain and cross over his habit, and on his head a hat, apparently of beaver, shaped like an ordinary "chimney-pot," except that the crown was rather low. He displayed at first a certain stiffness of manner, which made us feel a little ill at ease, and which seemed to bespeak the territorial magnate, no less than the spiritual superior. This uneasy feeling, however, was soon dissipated, for nothing could be more cordial and friendly than the whole of his subsequent demeanor to us throughout our visit. As we were too late for the community dinner, the abbot consigned us to the hospitable care of the prior, and sent word to ask the librarian to show us whatever we might wish to see after dinner. Since many of the ninety monks who have their home at M \ddot{o} lk were now away, the community had not dined in their great refectory, but in an ordinary, much smaller apartment. To the latter the genial prior conducted us, and sat beside us, chatting of the good game which stocked their forests—their venison, partridges, and pheasants—while we, nothing loth (for the river journey and walk had given us a hearty appetite), partook of soup, boiled beef, roast lamb, salad, sweets, and coffee, which were successively put before us. The prior had been a keen sportsman, and still loved to speak of the pleasures of

earlier days. Invigorated and refreshed we set out to see the house, and our first visit was to the adjacent refectory. It is a magnificent hall, worthy of a palace, with a richly painted ceiling and with pictures in the interspaces of the great gilded caryatides which adorn its walls.

Passing out at a window of the apsidal termination of the refectory, we came upon an open terrace, whence a most beautiful view of the Danube (looking towards Linz) was to be obtained, with a distant prospect of some of the mountains of the Salzkammergut. We here met the venerable librarian, Herr Vincenz Stauffer, Bibliothekar des Stiftes Mölk, into whose hands the prior now consigned us. After contemplating with delight the charming scene before us and viewing with interest the parts which had been occupied by Napoleon's troops, we entered the library, which is a hall corresponding in shape and size with the refectory, and like it abutting on the terrace balcony by an apsidal termination.

It is a stately apartment furnished with costly inlaid woods, and with a profusion of gilding on all sides, including the gilt Corinthian capitals of its mural pilasters. The library is much richer now than it was when visited by Dibdin, and it contains sixty thousand volumes. Amongst its treasures are an original chronicle of the abbey begun in the twelfth century, a copy of the first German printed Bible, and a very interesting book about America, executed only two years after its discovery by Columbus. There are also mediæval copies of Horace and Virgil. Various other apartments, besides this stately hall, are devoted to the library, amongst them one containing four thousand volumes of manuscript. The librarian turned out to be an enthusiastic botanist; so with his help we made out the names of several Austrian wild plants which had interested us. Having done the honors of his part of the establishment, he reconducted us along several spacious corridors to the prior, whom we found in his nice suite of five rooms, well furnished, ornamented with flowers, and with his pet Australian parrot. He took us to see the royal apartments, which are less handsome than those of St. Florian, and to the abbey church, which is exceedingly handsome of its rococo kind. It is cruciform, with a high and spacious central dome. The choir is in the chancel, but there is a large organ and organ gallery at the west end. All round the church — where a clerestory would be in

a Gothic building — are glazed windows that look into the church from a series of rooms which can be entered from the corridors of the monastery. The church is rich in marbles and profusely gilt.

We were finally conducted to the lodging assigned us, which opened (with a multitude of others) from the very long corridor at the top of the staircase we first ascended. On the opposite side of the corridor is the door which gives entrance to the abbot's quarters. This very long corridor is ornamented with a series of oil paintings representing the whole house of Hapsburg as figures of life size. It begins with fancy portraits of Hapsburgs anterior to the first imperial Rudolph, and continues with portraits, more or less historical, of all the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire and with the subsequent emperors of Austria, including the present Francis Joseph. Ample vacant space remains similarly to depict a large number of his successors.

Our room was comfortably furnished with all modern appliances, including a large looking-glass and a spring bed, and the window commanded a fine view of the mountains towards Vienna. After a little more than an hour's rest the abbot himself came to invite us to go with him to see his garden and join in a slight refectio habitually partaken of between dinner and supper — a sort of Teutonic "afternoon tea." The garden was very pleasantly situated, with a well-shaded walk overlooking the Danube, and with a fine view of the mountains of the Soemering Pass, between Vienna and Gratz. He told us that his lands were only in part cultivated by hired labor, the more distant being let out to tenants at fixed rents. As abbot he had the right of presentation to twenty-seven livings. We then entered a very large summer-house, a long hall lined with frescoes illustrating the four quarters of the world, and representing their beasts, birds, flowers, as well as their human inhabitants. The painting was wonderfully fresh, though it was done one hundred and thirty years ago. Here was taken the "afternoon tea," which consisted of most excellent beer, a dish of cold veal, ham, and tongue, cut in thin slices, a salad, cheese and butter. The abbot sat at a principal table with his guests, including a monk from Kremsmünster, the aunt and sister of a freshly ordained young monk who was to sing his first mass the following day, the young monk himself, and a secular priest who had come to preach

on the occasion, and also the prior and the librarian. At other smaller tables sat other monks and apparently one or two friends from without; most of them smoked (the genial prior enjoying his pipe), and parties of four amused themselves with cards, playing apparently for very small stakes. The demeanor of all was easy and quite *sans gêne*, but in no way obnoxious to hostile criticism. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to a further examination of the vast building until eight o'clock, when we were summoned to supper. Of this the community generally partook in the smaller room in which we had dined; but, in honor of the event of to-morrow and of his guests, the amiable abbot had ordered supper to be served in the magnificent refectory, which was illuminated with what poor Faraday taught us was the best of all modes of illumination — wax candles.

We were but a small party in the great hall. On the abbot's right sat the aunt and sister of the young priest — the latter with her brother next her. On the abbot's left were the secular priests, ourselves, and the librarian, and one or two more. Our supper consisted of soup, veal, soufflé, and roast chicken. For wine we had at first a good but not select wine — being from the produce of several vintages mixed — but afterwards came a choice white wine of one vintage. Supper ended, the whole party retired together and separated in the large corridor outside the abbot's lodgings, the ladies being politely conducted to their rooms, which were adjacent to our own.

The next day (Sunday) was the festival of the first mass, which was to be sung with full solemnities, though ordinarily there is no high mass on Sundays at all.

It was to take place at eight o'clock, but long before that time the church was fairly filled, and the clerestory boxes filled with visitors, who from that vantage ground could see well. First came the sermon, to hear which the monks left their choir to occupy benches opposite the pulpit; they wore no cowls, but white cottas (a Roman shrunken surplice) over their cassocks. The worthy priest who preached had evidently determined not to make a journey for nothing. For a full hour his eloquence suspended the subsequent proceedings. At last came the mass, in which the abbot was but a spectator in his stall. The new priest occupied his throne, as if abbot for the day. There was an assistant priest, as well as the deacon and subdeacon, and all the

choir-boys had garlands of flowers round the left arm, with flowers round the candles they carried as marks of rejoicing at this first mass. The aunt and sister were accommodated with seats for the occasion in the monks' stalls.

The high mass was not liturgical; no introit, offertory, sequence, or communion was sung by the choir, which was in the western organ gallery. The music was florid, and there were female as well as male singers, accompanied by a full band.

We had to take a hurried leave of our friendly host, and, promising to pay another visit at the first opportunity in compliance with his very friendly request, we took the train to St. Polten in order to go thence to visit the Benedictine monastery of Göttwic or Göttweih. We had specially looked forward to visiting this house, for, though smaller than any of the three previously visited, it had been most attractively described in Didbin's tour.* The abbot in his time was Herr Altmann, who had, he tells us,† "the complete air of a gentleman who might have turned his fiftieth year, and his countenance bespoke equal intelligence and benevolence." He received Dr. Didbin with great courtesy; and as his bibliographical tour is by no means a common book, the following extracts may not be without interest to our readers: —

Pointing out the prospect about the monastery, the abbot said: "On yon opposite heights across the Danube we saw, from these very windows, the fire and smoke of the advanced guard of the French army in contest with the Austrians, upon Bonaparte's first advance towards Vienna. The French Emperor himself took possession of this monastery. He slept here, and we entertained him the next day with the best *déjeuner à la fourchette* which we could afford. He seemed well satisfied with his reception, but I own that I was glad when he left us. Observe yonder," continued the abbot; "do you notice an old castle in the distance? That, tradition reports, once held your Richard the First, when he was detained a prisoner by Leopold of Austria." The more the abbot spoke, and the more I continued to gaze around, the more I fancied myself treading on faëry ground, and that the scene in which I was engaged partook of the illusion of romance. On our way to the library I observed a series of paintings which represented the history of the founder, and I observed the devil or some imp introduced in more than one picture, and remarked upon it to my guide. He said, "Where will you find truth unmingled with fiction?"

* See vol. iii., pp. 260-273.

† P. 263.

We now entered the saloon for dinner. It was a large, light, and lofty room; the ceiling was covered with paintings of allegorical subjects in fresco, descriptive of the advantages of piety and learning. We sat down at a high table—precisely as in the halls at Oxford—to a plentiful and elegant repast. We were cheerful even to loud mirth; and the smallness of the party, compared with the size of the hall, caused the sounds of our voices to be reverberated from every quarter.

Behind me stood a grave, sedate, and inflexible-looking attendant. He spoke not; he moved not, save when he saw my glass emptied, which, without previous notice or permission, he made a scrupulous point of filling, even to the brim, with the most highly flavored wine I had yet tasted in Germany, and it behoved me to cast an attentive eye upon this replenishing process. In due time the cloth was cleared, and a dessert, consisting chiefly of delicious peaches, succeeded. A new order of bottles was introduced, tall, square, and capacious, which were said to contain wine of the same quality, but of a more delicate flavor. It proved to be most exquisite. The past labors of the day, together with the growing heat, had given a relish to everything which I tasted, and in the full flow of my spirits I proposed "Long life and happy times to the present members, and increasing prosperity to the monastery of Göttwic." It was received and drunk with enthusiasm. The abbot then proceeded to give me an account of a visit paid him by Lord Minto, when the latter was ambassador at Vienna. "Come, sir," he said, "I propose drinking prosperity and long life to every representative of the British nation at Vienna." I then requested that we might withdraw, as we purposed sleeping within one stage of Vienna that evening. "Your wishes shall be mine," answered the abbot, "but at any rate you must not go without a testimony of our respect for the object of your visit—a copy of our *Chronicon Gottwicense*." I received it with every demonstration of respect.*

Our amiable host and his Benedictine brethren determined to walk a little way down the hill to see us fairly seated and ready to start. I entreated and remonstrated that this might not be, but in vain. On reaching the carriage, we all shook hands, and then saluted by uncovering. Stepping into the carriage, I held aloft the Göttwic Chronicle, exclaiming "*Valete domini eruditissimi! dies hic omnino commemoratione dignus*," to which the abbot replied, with peculiarly emphatic sonorousness of voice, "*Vale! Deus te omnesque tibi charissimos conservet*." They then stopped for a moment, as the horses began to be put in motion, and, retracing their steps up the hill, disappeared. I thought that I discerned the abbot yet lingering above with his right arm raised as the last and most affectionate token of farewell.

* This copy was placed by Dr. Dibdin in the library at Althorp.

We had no sooner arrived at our inn—the Kaiserin Elizabet—than we, not without much difficulty, engaged a carriage and pair to take us the two hours' drive thence to Göttweih, along the same road driven over by Dibdin. I passed several sets of pilgrims such as he describes, as also the statue of St. John Nepomuk, which he took for St. Francis. At first our path was bordered by poplars, but afterwards, for miles, by damson-trees which were loaded with fruit. At the commencement of the last quarter of our journey we entered a defile in the wooded mountains, a most welcome shelter from a driving wind and blinding dust. The monastery then soon became visible at the top of a lofty elevation, reached by a long, winding road, which we, unlike our predecessor, ventured to drive up. No doubt half a century has done something to improve it. As we mounted, we obtained charming glimpses of the Danube, and a good view of an adjacent town. We pulled up within the courtyard of the monastery a little after two o'clock, and found the community engaged in afternoon service, which was largely recited in the vernacular. The church is much smaller than that of the other monasteries we visited, but is more interesting, as, in spite of its stucco ornaments, its substance is ancient, and the romanesque character of its nave and the pointed architecture of its chancel are distinctly traceable. The latter part, which contains the monks' choir, is raised up many steps, on either side of which is a way down into a light and rather lofty crypt, in which is buried the founder of the monastery, Altmann, Bishop of Passau, who died in the year 1091.

When the service was concluded, we made our way to the cloister entrance, and having sent in our letters were received by the abbot, Herr Rudolph Gusionhauer, in the well-furnished suite of apartments which constituted the abbatial lodgings. We found him at first much disquieted from a fear that we should make some large demand upon his time, which he assured us was insufficient for the multitude of calls upon it. When reassured, however, by learning the modest nature of our demands, he was all courtesy, and insisted on showing us himself the library and some of its most precious contents. He, indeed, invited us to sleep, or at least to dine, but we had lunched before starting, knowing that we could not reach the abbey in time for the community dinner, and we much preferred spending the short

time at our disposal in inspecting whatever might be seen to taking a solitary dinner. Dibdin's pleasant experience of Göttweih's hospitality was therefore impossible for us. We were, however, shown the pleasing portrait of his kind host, Abbot Altmann, who, we were told, survived till the year 1854, though the last ten years of his life were passed in blindness. The library is said to contain sixty thousand volumes, besides fourteen hundred volumes of manuscripts, and no less than twelve hundred books printed before the year 1500. Amongst the latter was one dating from before the time when type was first used, each page of printing being one large woodcut. Amongst the manuscripts was a small Bible seven hundred years old, entirely written in the monastery itself on the finest parchment in such small characters as to make ordinary eyes ache to read it, but most beautifully written. One manuscript was of the sixth century, and of course we were careful to see the celebrated "Chronicon Gottwicense." We also carefully visited the refectory, and noted in the corridor the paintings of legendary events in the founder's life, noted by Dibdin.

The apartments prepared for imperial use, and which were used by Napoleon the First, are finer than those of Mölk, and are approached by a wonderfully imposing staircase. From their windows delightful views may be obtained, but, indeed, the monastery is so charmingly situated on a summit amidst such umbrageous mountains that not only northwards on the Danube side, but also southwards, there are delightful prospects and agreeable walks. The monastery is evidently much visited, and in its basement are rooms which are used as a public restaurant and had the appearance of doing a good business.

The community consists but of fifty monks and two novices. It is not nearly so wealthy as the abbeys we had previously visited, but the abbot declared himself fully satisfied both with its present condition and apparent prospects.

After showing us the library we were committed to the care of an attendant, and other visitors arrived, a carriage and pair with two Augustinian canons from a neighboring house, and other carriages full of laity. On taking our farewell of the abbot, who was now, indeed, busy with his guests, some of whom were old school-fellows he had not seen for years, he cordially wished us farewell, exclaiming, "Truly this is a wonderful day. Heaven

has opened and showered down upon us the most unexpected marvels."

We rapidly drove along the, mainly downhill, road to St. Polten, which we quitted next day to return by rail to Linz, and went thence, through Gmunden and Ischl, to Salzburg, there to pay the last of our monastic visits, that to its venerable Abbey of St. Peter.

St. Peter's, Salzburg, is the origin of the whole of its surroundings. From it have arisen city, archbishopric, principality, and it is one of the most venerable establishments in Austria. Unlike those yet visited, it stands in the very heart of a city, in close proximity to the cathedral of which all the earlier abbots were the bishops.

Though far from a picturesque building, it yet contains more fragments of early art than Mölk or Kremsmünster. The outer gate gives admittance to a romanesque cloister, almost entirely paved with ancient tombstones. Adjacent to the cloister are remains of the old chapter-house in the pointed style of architecture. The abbey church, though horribly disfigured, with the best intentions, in 1774, still shows some traces of its early romanesque character. Till the above-mentioned date, it had exceptionally preserved its old decorations, being entirely lined with old frescoes, and having its choir closed in by a wooden rood-screen with its rood. We were conducted over the establishment by the reverend prior, assisted by Father Anselm, who greatly lamented the architectural ravages of the eighteenth century. In that same century St. Peter's Abbey was a not unimportant scientific centre, and its zoological and mineralogical collections are still worth a visit, especially the latter, which is very rich. There are also interesting and instructive models illustrating the topography and geology of the neighborhood and of the Salzkammergut generally. The treasury of its church is also rich, and its library of fifty thousand volumes contains many precious manuscripts, the chief of which, "The Book of Life," goes back to the sixth century, and contains a long list of benefactors with their anniversaries, for masses. There are also manuscripts of the eleventh and twelfth centuries not less wonderful for their state of complete preservation than for the brilliancy and beauty of their illuminations.

It being very near the hour of dinner, we waited in an ante-room to the refectory for its arrival. Therein are hung the portraits of a long line of abbots, including

the one who welcomed to the abbey my predecessor Dr. Dibdin.* In the refectory itself we met the abbot, a bright, rather small and youngish man, who cordially shook hands and invited us to take our place beside him at the high table. The company consisted, this being vacation time, only of the abbot, twelve monks, five novices, three guests, and some lay brothers. The guest beside us was Dr. von Schafliäentl, professor of geology at Munich, who was the only German present who could speak any English. The repast was of the usual plain character, but the wine fully merited the reputation it has acquired and made at Stein (near Vienna), where the community possesses a vineyard.

Before taking our leave we visited the abbot in his lodgings, which are remarkably elegant, and consist of seven richly furnished apartments and an oratory. He seemed to take an amiable pleasure in showing us everything of interest, and cordially invited us to renew our visit.

St. Peter's Abbey is rich, but only contains about fifty monks when all are at home. Not many are required for external work, as not more than half-a-dozen parishes belong to the abbey. With St. Peter's terminated our long-desired visit to these curious instances of ecclesiastical survival, the still established and endowed monasteries of Austria, which we found to be just what we had anticipated to find them. That these were no abodes of stern austerity we knew, but we hardly expected to find such diminished observance as regards public worship. The men with whom we conversed had much book learning, and some were devoted to one or other of the natural sciences. We found also that they were well up in the politics of the day. Nevertheless we were surprised to find that none of the five abbots we visited were any more able to converse in either French or English than were those visited by Dibdin sixty-seven years before. It should be recollected, however, that the principals are selected largely with a view to wise administration of the abbey lands, and not for learning. All the five, in spite of the more or less sumptuousness of their lodgings, partook of the plain monastic fare, and we remarked the earnest gravity with which each superior took his part in whatever of devotion we witnessed. The existing communities are not responsible for relaxations of monastic discipline which already

existed before the present monks joined them. Nor would it be fair to expect that men who had attached themselves to a body, enjoying a certain degree of comfort and freedom, should readily acquiesce in the institution or reintroduction of severities for which they never bargained. Though we met with a certain breadth of view and tolerant spirit in those we ventured to converse with on subjects affording opportunity for the display of such qualities, yet it would not be just to conceal that we met with no tendency to what would be called unorthodoxy by the strictest theologians. At Kremsmünster, at Mölk, and at St. Peter's we took occasion to turn the conversation upon Dr. Döllinger, and in each case we found that with expression of the warmest personal esteem there was manifested the most unqualified condemnation of the line he had taken. Whatever may be thought, however, of these institutions, whether they may be admired or their continuance in their present state deprecated, they are full of interest for us in England, as it is more than probable that such as they are our own abbeys would have become, had events in the sixteenth and succeeding centuries turned out otherwise in England than they did turn out, so that abbots of St. Albans and St. Edmunds might still be sitting in our House of Lords beside our Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

From Chambers' Journal.
PREHISTORIC MAN.

THE early history of man in every country is shrouded in considerable mystery and uncertainty. When tradition fails us, we have not by any means reached the farthest point in the history of the race. At that point, geology comes to our assistance with revelations of men of the rudest stage of life living in prehistoric ages under circumstances of great interest. It is to this early age of which geology speaks, that we here turn attention. The peat mosses of Denmark supply important data for the early history of man in that country. In these peats are imbedded many relics of a people who dwelt in that region long before the present race had migrated thither. These relics consist chiefly of curiously formed implements and weapons in stone and bronze — hammer, arrow, and spear heads, hatchets and knives, etc. Now, peat is formed slowly.

* See vol. iii., p. 197.

It is the result of the annual growth and decay of numerous marsh plants — each year's mass of dead rushes, reeds, and grasses being overgrown by the vegetation of the succeeding year. The formation takes place in marshy hollows; and in process of time consolidates and sinks into the soft soil on which it rests. The growth of each year, however, adds only a very thin stratum to the formation, and when this is pressed by the strata of subsequent years, it sinks into still smaller compass. The Danish peats attain a thickness of about thirty feet, and they must therefore have been a very considerable time under formation. Imbedded in peat are often found the trunks of trees; indeed, in some instances part of a forest growing in the hollow in which peat was being formed, has been choked by the rank growth of marsh plants, and the soil becoming too moist for the favorable growth of the trees, they, robbed of their strength from these two causes, have fallen a prey to storms, and become overgrown with peat. Thus single trees or clusters of trees, or even whole forests, may be part of a peat moss. Now, the implements of the prehistoric age found in the upper portion of the Danish peats, and associated with the remains of beeches, are made of iron. Those that occur farther from the surface, in conjunction with remains of oak, are of bronze; while those that lie nearer the bottom of the peat, by the side of the ancient firs, are made of stone. Here is evidence of an early race of men existing in three stages of antique civilization. We have thus evidence of what, for the sake of clearness, we may term three distinct ages, though there is no real distinction, because one period glided into another as imperceptibly as our old year is followed by the new. The stone age is the oldest prehistoric era we have any evidence of; but it is subdivided into two periods — the *palæolithic* (ancient-stone) and the *neolithic* (new-stone). The flint weapons of the neolithic period, manufactured when man had made some little progress in the art of tool-making, are better finished than those of the palæolithic period. Those of the earlier period (the palæolithic) are so crude and ill-finished that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between them and pieces of flint worn and chipped by the forces of nature. The relics of the Danish peats are referable only to the neolithic period. Before the earliest immigrants of the rude tribes of the neolithic age had made their homes

among the prehistoric firs of Denmark, there had roamed over vast tracts of country, not very far removed from that locality, a race of men, if possible more simple in their modes of life and workmanship — the men of the palæolithic age. But between this age and the neolithic of the Danish peats a subdivision has been defined. In the caves in the south of France occur "vast quantities of the bones and horns of the reindeer. In some cases, separate plates of molars of the mammoth, and several teeth of the great Irish deer (*Cervus megaceros*) and of the cave lion (*Felis spelæa*), and an extinct variety of *Felis leo*, have been found mixed up with cut and carved antlers of the reindeer." This period has been named by French geologists the reindeer age, because the remains of that animal occur in very great profusion in these French caves. As a proof of the existence of man at a time when the reindeer and several other animals, now confined to far higher latitudes, roamed as far towards the equator as the south of France, perhaps farther, it is to be noticed that not only are his implements found side by side with the remains of the reindeer in such a manner as to show that they were deposited at the same time, but many of the antlers of that animal are cut and rudely carved, bearing ample evidence of the work of a more or less intelligent race of men. On one of the bones found in a cave of the reindeer age, the outlines of the great mammoth have been rudely carved by some ingenious hand, long since laid to rest; and the long, curved tusks and shaggy coat of wool are easily recognizable. But beyond the neolithic and the reindeer ages lies the palæolithic epoch, reaching back still further into prehistoric times. The tools and implements of man referable to this epoch are found chiefly in the *high-level* gravels of our valleys, and are of the rudest type. They occur mixed with bones of the horse, bear, tiger, deer, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, and extinct species of the hyena, in such a manner as to leave no doubt of their co-existence with these animals. They are "always unground, having evidently been brought to their present form simply by the chopping off of fragments by repeated blows, such as could be given by a stone hammer." It is difficult to form any approximate idea of the vast antiquity of these palæolithic gravels. Since they were laid down, and these early prehistoric men lived in these localities, the rivers

over vast tracts of country have slowly cut their way through, in some instances over a hundred feet of hard rock, and spread the sediment around their mouths or over the bottom of the sea. What a vast amount of time it must have required to scoop out the valleys of a country to a depth of a hundred feet! We quote Sir Charles Lyell, who says: "Nearly all the known Pleistocene quadrupeds have now been found accompanying flint knives or hatchets in such a way as to imply their co-existence with man; and we have thus the concurrent testimony of several classes of geological facts to the vast antiquity of the human race. The disappearance of a large variety of species of wild animals from every part of a wide continent must have required a vast period of time for its accomplishment; yet this took place while man existed on the earth, and was completed before that early period when the Danish shell-mounds were formed. The deepening and widening of valleys implies an amount of change of which that which has occurred during the historical period forms scarcely a perceptible part. Ages must have been required to change the climate of wide regions to such an extent as completely to alter the geographical distribution of many mammalia, as well as land and fresh water shells. The three or four thousand years of the historical period do not furnish us with any appreciable measure for calculating the number of centuries which would suffice for such a series of changes, which are by no means of a local character, but have operated over a considerable part of Europe." In these gravels we gather all that is at present known of that earliest period on which history sheds no light. This period probably reaches back into the closing acts of the physical drama of the great glacial age, when the valleys and plains of the northern hemisphere, down to the fortieth parallel of latitude, were groaning beneath the burden of grinding glaciers and untold depths of snow; while the rivers were mostly covered with thick ice, and the seas were full of icebergs floating, with infinite collisions, to the southward, or covered with hummocked, snow-covered icefloes, as the arctic seas are to-day. Amid scenes like these, these earliest pioneers of the races of men struggled through their first experiences of the rough

world. Could these scenes, through the touch of some magic wand, be reconstructed, and made to pass in dioramic form before our eyes, how interesting they would be! How closely we should listen to their stories of that far-gone age, could the men who lived while these gravels were being formed, spring to life again and tell us what they saw, and knew, and felt! What problems might be thus satisfactorily solved! But such cannot be; the past has successfully buried its dead, and what we know of its history must be through the tortuous course of induction. But these men were most probably hunters; their business was to live. And no trapper of modern American fame could want higher or, to us, more interesting game. Across the snow-clad plains roamed herds of the gigantic mammoth in search of food; wild, savage boars kept cover under the brushwood of the forests; and packs of hungry wolves, on the scent of prey, filled the clear, frosty air with their dismal cry, as their modern representatives in Russia and other countries do to-day. The magnificent Irish deer — not then extinct, and than which no deer of modern age has antlers half so large, or has half so noble an appearance — galloped with bounding, graceful step across the plains of Ireland. Bears hibernated through the greater part of the severe, almost endless winter; and when the climate became suitable, cunning beavers followed their life's work by the side of broad, shallow rivers that drained continents, part of which are now no more. As the climate became warmer when the age of boulder drift was past, ferocious tigers prowled around man's rude hut in search of sweet morsels — veritable ancestors of modern "man-eaters" — and in the vicinity of the rivers, the huge hippopotamus and scale-covered crocodile sought their livelihood. Among this variety of animal life, and in the excitement of a hunter's existence, during the latter part of the great glacial age, lived these palæolithic men, clothing themselves from the bitter cold with the warm furs of the animals their superior intelligence enabled them to trap, or that came within reach of their curiously flint-barbed arrows, and living almost entirely on the game they were able to "bag."